EIGHT YEARS IN KAFFRARIA

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PLAN OF
THE DIOCESE OF S. JOHN
KAFFRARIA

Shewing the Boundaries of Parishes and position of all Centres, Outstations &c.

Places where *Church* Services are held, marked

Scale of Eng. Miles

SURS 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 10 15 20 25 30 MILE

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EIGHT YEARS

IN

KAFFRARIA.

1882—1890.

BY

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PREFACE.

It has seemed to me that a period of enforced rest in England could not be better spent than in putting together some account of a few years' missionary experiences abroad. My object has not been to attempt any history of the diocese where my African home lies—for that I have neither the necessary qualifications nor the needful information; but to produce, as far as possible, at the risk of a charge of egotism, a picture of missionary life in one of those South African dioceses where the Church of England is most brought face to face with native races, grouping together in that picture all the surroundings which help to make up that life.

“Ex uno disce omnes.” The sketch here presented of one particular sphere may serve as a sample of the lives and labours of many missionaries working in connection with the great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts.

September 1890.

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EIGHT YEARS IN KAFFRARIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO UMTATA.

ON April 20, 1882, in company with a lad of the name of Eley, I left Southampton for East London, in the Union Company's mail steamer *Durban*. The voyage to Africa has often been described: the first disappointing sight of the Southern Cross, of which so much had been previously heard; the watching the divers at Madeira; the concerts and dances on board; the pleasant two days' rest at Capetown; and the cordial farewells exchanged with fellow-passengers when the time for parting came—all these are the commonplaces of such voyages, and were among our experiences. To myself individually the journey presented one point of real interest: it first made me cognisant of the strong feeling entertained by many (not all) colonists against missionaries—a feeling which I learnt at the same time was not extended, or at any rate in a very different degree, to those who were working under a bishop.

It was on Ascension Day, May 18, that we landed at East London, early in the morning, the bar, which was in those days a constant terror to travellers, proving on this occasion very lenient to us. Having seen to our luggage, we left again the same afternoon by train for King Williamstown. The line, as far as could be seen, ran through some very pretty country, but it was dark long before the three

hours' very slow journey was concluded, for the season was now nearly midwinter.

From King Williamstown to Umtata is a journey of about 170 miles, along the main road which bisects Kaffraria Proper, and connects the Old Colony with Natal. How to accomplish this journey was the question. Horses we had none, and could not then afford to buy them; the weekly post-cart had left just the day before, and we had no wish to remain six days at King Williamstown doing nothing but spending money while we waited for the next. Places could, no doubt, have been procured in open ox-waggons; but a rate of three miles an hour is not exhilarating, and the prospect of some eight or ten winter nights spent in or under an open waggon, with only Kaffirs for companions, was not peculiarly attractive. We had been fortunate enough to get up our luggage that very day, and to find a waggon half loaded up for Umtata on which we had actually seen all our heavy "impedimenta" placed, reserving only such things as were needful for the road. We were, then, perfectly free. Why not walk? The idea occurred to us both independently; and when, on consulting an Umtatan who chanced to be in town, we were told that we could not miss the road, and had, in addition, purchased a map (which was of very little use), there seemed no hindrance in the way, and accordingly we set off at a quarter past four on the afternoon of May 19, intending to sleep at a place called Yellow-Woods, some seven miles distant.

All went well at first, but we had forgotten how soon it grows dark in South Africa after sunset. The road, marked by no hedges or boundaries, but simply a track across the open veldt, soon grew fainter and fainter, and seemed like to disappear altogether. Not a human creature was in sight, no villages lined the road, and the prospect was far from encouraging, when, to my great relief, I heard what sounded like the distant creaking of waggon wheels. A

fuller acquaintance with that sound—the music of *Kaf-fraria*—now very familiar indeed, has revealed it to be, not the noise of wheels creaking, but the harsh cry of frogs ; and yet on this occasion it proved a true and good omen, for encouraged by it we went forward again, and soon descried a light, which we found to be a fire blazing merrily, with a party of travellers sitting round it, whose waggon was outspanned close by. Inquiring here, we learnt that Yellow-Woods was not a village, as we had hitherto supposed, and had been puzzling ourselves in vain looking out for its lights, but only a hotel, and, moreover, which was good news, that we were quite close to it. Our informant seemed to think it doubtful whether we should find accommodation there, and with true colonial hospitality bade us, if all else failed, return to the waggon, where we should find a shakedown and a supper ; but Yellow-Woods proved equal to our requirements, and provided us with a bed and a sofa.

It was not a little mortifying to learn the next morning that we might have taken the train from King Williamstown to Kei Road, and so have saved the best part of twenty miles. We were still able to utilise the railway a little, from Peilton to Kei Road, after which we were fairly embarked on our walk.

Trying to take a short cut, the usual fate followed, and we were soon lost. And yet after all that was not to be regretted, for it gave us an early proof of the hospitality and kindness of colonial farmers. For this was a farming district, and we were passed on from one house to another, meeting with entertainment everywhere—lunch, dinner, tea, in succession ; and in one place being provided with a native carrier and guide for three miles. So our way was lightened for us, until about half-past six we reached Draai Bosch, after some twenty-four miles' walking.

Here we were only seven miles from a church (*Komgha*), and so made an early start the following morning, which

was Sunday, with the intention of spending the day quietly there. On our road we passed a waggon hopelessly stuck. To the question whether we could be of any assistance, the placid answer was returned that they had sent back for spades, and nothing could be done till these arrived. It appeared to be an everyday incident, only to be encountered with a philosophic calm.

The quiet of Komgha, the excellence of the hotel, the kindness of the clergyman, and the pleasant services in the little village church, all combined to produce a delightful Sunday, the recollections of which are still fresh after the lapse of eight years. The resident magistrate, on whom the parish priest took me to call, also was most cordial in his welcome, and offered me a horse to take me on ; and on my declining this, placed a mounted policeman at my disposal to act as guide and carry our traps for as long as I cared to retain his services.

Leaving, then, our things for the Kaffir policeman to bring on with him, we started before eight o'clock the following morning, and were soon in the lovely Kei scenery. The road winds down hill amid bush until at last the large river is reached which forms the boundary between British Kaffraria (the Old Colony) on the S.W. and Independent Kaffraria beyond. Now we had crossed the fine bridge that spans the river (the last bridge I was to see for four years, until I crossed the Kei again in 1886), and had passed into the diocese of S. John's, the country a part of which was still under native rule, the last home of the independent Kaffirs between Capetown and Zululand. The road was beautifully constructed up the side of the hills on the further side of the river, but the drizzle which fell most of the day made it heavy walking ; and when, after our guide had overtaken us in the afternoon, we were beguiled by him into taking a short cut, it became advisable after a time to put Eley on the horse, and let the policeman go on foot. We had done a long day's walk when we

reached Butterworth in the evening, and I felt so tired that when we came to the last small river which ran between the village and hotel, I walked straight through, regardless of wetting.

The marches of the two following days (to Idutwya, where we were cordially welcomed by an ex-catechist of Bishop Callaway's, and Umtentu respectively) were shorter and in every way easier. We were now well in the characteristic Kaffirland scenery: a succession of rolling, undulating plains, covered with the coarse veldt, which in winter assumes a brown hue, looking in the distance like the heather-clad hills of Scotland or Ireland; every twenty or thirty miles usually a little English hamlet, conspicuous for its roofs of corrugated iron, so unsuitable to the climate; and between these hamlets, it may be, the solitary house of a trader, visible a long way off by reason of the trees that surround it—blue gums, red gums, wattles, acacias, black woods, and the like. Where the hills run down to the rivers, the monotony of the scenery is relieved by mimosa trees; or again, where the hills rise up to the higher ranges which mark the beginning of some fresh plateau, the eye rests upon dark patches of forest filling up the kloofs: otherwise all is veldt, through which runs the road, unmarked by hedge or other boundary, indeed itself in most cases simply a broad-stretching track formed by the constant passage of waggons which have worn away the grass. In every direction may be seen the Kaffir kraals, collections of five or six huts together, made of wattle and daub, and thatched with grass, all clustering round the cattle-kraal of bushes, where the stock are housed at night. Here is a troop of little boys, with sheepskins thrown over their shoulders, herding sheep, or goats, or cows: now we meet a band of women, each with two blankets—one worn as a shawl, one as a petticoat—some of them with pipes in their mouths, returning home with bundles of grass upon their heads: yonder is a cluster of men, their blankets

thrown aside for greater freedom, sitting by the cattle-kraal, and hearing the latest news. Heads shaven, heads half shaven, heads with fringes, heads in curl-papers of grass, heads with head-rings on—all these meet the eye, as the traveller passes on. Now attention is caught by a few sod enclosures, a few square-built houses: natives pass us dressed: and we are told that this is a mission station by which we are going. Soon the marks of greater refinement and civilisation are lost, and we are back in the midst of heathenism again.

Such was, in the main, the kind of country which we traversed between the Kei and Umtata. How one used to miss in those days, and for many a month afterwards, the songs of English birds, the hedge-rows of England, and the constant sight of trees wherever the eye might turn! And how, now, after the eight years' experience abroad, one misses that vast far-stretching expanse of veldt, and feels shut in and imprisoned by trees and hedges!

There was little to chronicle during the walk of those two days, except that Eley slipped as we waded the Bashee, and was nearly carried a little distance down the river; and that, on another occasion, I nearly fell a victim to the very vicious Kaffir dogs, which are to be found at most native kraals, but was rescued by the policeman. It was pleasant to find that my study of grammar and dictionaries on board ship enabled us to interchange a few remarks of very brief character. We reached Umtentu, only twenty-eight miles from Umtata, by 4.30 on Wednesday afternoon; and from here I sent back the policeman.

The hotel at Umtentu was tolerably full, so that Eley had to sleep on the counter, while the shopman kindly gave up his bedstead to me. Sleeping on the counter seemed a strange thing in those days. As a matter of fact it is very comfortable, the bed and pillow being formed with blankets. The only objections are that some counters are rather high (I recollect one, in Pondoland, on to which I used to climb

by a little ladder !) and some are rather narrow, so that it is necessary to lie very still, for fear of falling over !

The travellers whom we met at Umtentu had just come from Umtata, and brought news which to me was very exciting : that there had been a rebellion at the native boys' school there, and the clergy had been roughly handled ! The report, as was afterwards learnt, had been greatly exaggerated, though it was true that there had been an *émeute*, and that many of the boys had run away ; but, not knowing the full truth then, and having an old college friend occupying a prominent position among the clergy at Umtata, I was all the more anxious to push on to our destination.

The post-cart passed Umtentu that night, and so reached Umtata the same day as we did, only earlier in the day. Had we waited for it at King Williamstown, we should have hardly saved any time, and probably nearly trebled our whole expenses. The cost of our six days' journey up was, for the two of us, to the best of my recollection, about £5.

Our last day on the road was drizzly throughout, as the Monday had been. It was very amusing to notice the extreme surprise displayed by every one, during the whole walk, at the sight of a clergyman tramping on foot. Such an action was supposed to be entirely *infra dignitatem*. Equally painful was it to reflect that through that long line of road from the Kei to Umtata there was not a single place of worship for the Europeans of our Church ; not, as every one knew well, from want of zeal or care on the part of that noble missionary, Archdeacon Waters, who may be said to have almost made the Church in Kaffraria, but because one man cannot be everywhere or do everything. But better days were in store for that part of his district. He had just arranged to place a clergyman at Butterworth (one who was set free from Umtata by my coming), under whose auspices, living on the spot, Church work was about to receive a great development.

It was quite dark when we reached Umtata, so that we were unable to see the beauties of the cathedral city of Kaffraria. We made our way through the straggling little town on to the mission ; and seeing lights in a church-like building, soon found ourselves attending cathedral even-song. A native deacon playing the harmonium, and conducting service : a congregation of natives, ourselves the only two white people : surely we realised then that we were in the midst of a missionary work.

CHAPTER II.

THE DIOCESE OF S. JOHN'S.

THIS seems, perhaps, the most fitting opportunity for attempting to give some general idea of the diocese of S. John's, which is co-terminous with the country that used to be known as Independent Kaffraria, and is possibly still so marked on many of our maps, although the title would now be a misnomer, the larger part of the territory having been annexed to the Cape Colony, and only the two Pondo-lands remaining independent.

The boundaries of the diocese are very distinctly marked : it extends from the river Kei to the Umzimkulu and Um-tamfuna, and from the Drakensberg Mountains on the northern border to the sea : that is to say, that it is surrounded on three sides by the Old Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State, while on the fourth side lies the ocean. It is, in fact, a huge native reserve, into which natives are being ever pressed in from three quarters, Colony Kaffirs, Zulus, and Basutos, while on the fourth there is no outlet. Here, then, we are brought face to face with the problems of the "native question." The question is not merely, What shall be the relations of the native to the white, so that the contiguity and commixture of the two races, instead of being prejudicial to both, as it too often is now, may be mutually beneficial? but also, How shall provision be made within this limited area for a large and rapidly increasing native population?

The whole area of the country is given in the Government Blue Books as 17,985 square miles, which supports

a population of about 500,000 Bântu (this term includes Kaffirs, Fingoes, Zulus, Basutos), 10,000 whites, almost all of British extraction, and nearly 5000 Hottentots, Griquas (a mixed race of Dutch and Hottentots), and other bastards. In comparing the population with the area of the country, two facts must be borne in mind: that there are absolutely no towns, and that the Kaffirs—I use the term generically, as almost equivalent to Bântu—are essentially a race of peasant proprietors on a small scale, whether agricultural or pastoral, and depend almost entirely on the land. Umtata and Kokstad, which are dignified by the name of towns, do not, I suppose, contain a population of more than 600 civilians each, at an outside computation. In the European farming districts the population is very sparse; in some of the native districts the land supports as many people as is possible, under the present conditions of life, when all are dependent upon crops and herds for a bare subsistence.

Of the whole area, which we may term roughly 18,000 square miles, the Pondolands claim 4869; while of the whole population of 515,000, the Pondos are believed to number about 120,000; but of these no census has been taken, as has been done where the people are under the rule of the Colonial Government.

The annexed territories are divided into the Transkei, Tembuland, and Griqualand East, and, at the mouth of the Umzimvubu, the S. John's territory, 16 square miles. Of the three first-named, Griqualand East is larger than the other two put together. These divisions are again subdivided into magistracies, governed by resident magistrates, who, at present, have local superiors in the persons of chief magistrates resident at Ntlambe, Umtata, and Kokstad respectively, the whole being a department under the Secretary of Native Affairs at Capetown. But it is probable that very shortly the office of chief magistrate will be abolished, and that the resident magistrates will report direct to Capetown.

At present the relation between the two sets of officials is as follows. An appeal lies from the resident magistrate to the chief magistrate in all cases, if applied for ; and the latter is bound to review all criminal cases which involve any but the smallest penalties. All official communications from and to the resident magistrates pass through the chief magistrates, and the latter have legal power to grant divorce.

The laws administered by the magistrates are—criminal, a special penal code ; civil, Roman Dutch law, or (in purely native districts) native customs, as far as possible. The more important criminal cases are now tried by a circuit court, which comes round every six months, provision being thus made for trial by jury. In the purely native districts many of the smaller cases are settled by the native headmen who have been appointed by Government, some of whom are most efficient, and who (if chiefs by birth) are regarded with great respect by their people.

The magisterial staff consists of the resident magistrate and his assistant or assistants, an interpreter, jailer, and chief constable, and a small body of native police. In addition to the civil authorities, there is the military service of the Cape Mounted Rifles (C.M.R.), a corps recruited almost entirely from home, detachments of which are stationed at various places to act as a deterrent from stock-stealing by constant patrolling, and to be ready to overawe any incipient disaffection, or repress disturbances on the Pondo border. The native police are found very useful, loyal, and trustworthy ; and I hope that future generations, if not the present, may see a native army, properly disciplined and trained, and officered by its own chiefs, which would, one can hardly doubt, prove most serviceable to the country, and perhaps some day to the empire. But the possibility of carrying out such a scheme must depend obviously upon the acceptability of our rule to the natives ; lest the arms placed in their hands, and the training given them, should

be turned by them against the Government from which it received them.

Events now move fast in Kaffraria. Representation in Parliament has been recently given us, Tembuland and the Transkei conjointly, and Griqualand East solely, returning one member. The right to vote is given to all who, having lived in that electoral district for not less than a year, are in receipt of £50 per annum, or £25 with board and lodging, or who are in possession of house or landed property to the value of £25. Many natives, therefore, are among the electors. A year or two more may see not only the abolition of the chief magistrate's office, of which I have already spoken, but increased representation, and the formation of fiscal divisions.

Into the question of the suitability of our mode of government to the native races in Kaffraria, I do not wish to enter fully. There is no doubt that many advantages accrue to them, as to white people, from the fact of that government: freedom from war, grants for schools, construction and repair of roads, as well as bridging of rivers, which is now at last being taken in hand by the Government. To all this of course they have a fair and just claim, as they surrendered their independence in not a few cases of themselves, and pay taxes to the Government (10s. hut-tax for every wife—the total revenue for 1888 exceeded the expenditure by £11,000). But the great boon conferred by European domination is that the terrible practice of "smelling out" is forbidden. In Independent Pondoland, when a native falls sick, resort is had to the witch-doctors. These smell out (as it is termed) some innocent, unoffending person, perhaps bribed by a third party who has a private grudge to wreak, or influenced by a chief who is covetous of the wealth and cattle that he sees belonging to this man. They declare him to have caused the sickness, and he is put to death often with most painful tortures. For the abolition of this horrible practice, at least, natives owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Colonial Government.

The Bântu tribes who inhabit Kaffraria are many in number. Almost everywhere are to be found the Fingoes, who, driven out of Natal about 1820 by Tshaka, were enslaved by the Xosa Kaffir tribes, and treated by them as dogs, until, emancipated by the white men, they have identified themselves with them, broken loose to a large extent from the tribal system and tribal restraints, and adopted, as no other tribe has done, English ideas and customs, and with these Christianity. Of the Kaffir tribes proper, Gaikas and Gcalekas must rank foremost, and after these a host of names occur to the mind—Tembus, Bomwanas, Pondos, Pandomisi, Bacas, Xesibes, and others. All these speak, with only dialectical varieties, the Xosa Kaffir, and the same language will carry the traveller right up to Zululand, Zulu differing in no very great degree from the language spoken by our people.¹ In the north of the diocese are to be found Basutos, also a Bântu race, speaking, however, Sesuto, and not Kaffir. In civilisation these must be reckoned as the foremost tribe in the annexed territories. To all these people most emphatically would I deny the term, which I have often heard applied to them in England, of "savages." Uncivilised they are, but their manners are polite (if allowance be made for their national customs and ideas), and among them I have found gentlemen as polished and refined as I have known in any land. Friendly, pleasant, and good-humoured, they have many of the qualities which go to make a good neighbour; and in ordinary times the missionary's life is every whit as safe among them as it would be in his own family circle at home in England. You may sleep fearlessly in a Kaffir kraal among entire strangers, or on the open veldt you may travel night and day among them on horseback or on foot; even in Pondo-land, only once did I meet with uncivil treatment, and that

¹ At the north-east end of the diocese, *e.g.*, at Clydesdale, and presumably still more in Natal, Zulu is spoken; but our Xosa Kaffir is still intelligible.

was from a man who was palpably returning from a beer-drink. To lock the door at night is amongst us almost unknown.

Among mission people, as I have already indicated, the standard of civilisation is higher. Their huts have frequently windows as well as doors, in place of the hurdle which generally closes the one aperture that the ordinary hut contains. Among them you will descry square-built houses, gardens of fruit-trees surrounded by a sod wall or wire, crops of wheat and oats (in addition to the maize and millet which all Kaffirs grow) irrigated by water-furrows, and within the houses may be seen bedsteads, tables, and seats, in place of the mats and the logs which form the ordinary furniture of the Kaffir's home. It is possible to find natives who in all respects, save that of colour, are like the white men—people fit to enter any society, and habituated to its usages. I have seen such an one sit down with a magistrate at his table; I have often enjoyed the hospitality of a native Wesleyan minister and his wife, when the evening would be spent as it might have been in any European circle; I know how an indefatigable native priest of our Church, working in Fingoland, is welcomed by the white people into their houses: with such proofs as these, and with the native paper *Imvo Zabantsundu* (Native Opinion) to point to, the natives may well repudiate the comprehensive name of "savages."

Of this large native population of some 500,000, about 30,000 are Christians. Of these the Wesleyans, to whom belongs the great honour of having commenced evangelistic work in Kaffraria in 1827, claim the largest number, probably some 12,000. Our own Church, which commenced operations at S. Mark's about 1856, nearly twenty years before the see was formed, numbers about 8000.¹ Of the remainder, most would fall to the Free Church or the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The Moravians

¹ *Vide* Appendix.

also have three white missionaries, and the French Protestants one. The Roman Catholics have no native work at present of any size, and the Congregationalists appear to confine themselves almost entirely to the white people and the Dutch-speaking Griquas and Hot-tentots.

The effect of our "unhappy divisions" in the native mission-field must be candidly owned to be *thoroughly bad*. Consider only the enormous waste of strength! A little village like Umtata to have three denominations established there! And the same at Kokstad! And that in a country which is absolutely swamped with heathenism. Besides this, it has undoubtedly in the past been most prejudicial to the exercise of discipline, as the native excommunicated by one body would turn to another, or the headman whose school had been stopped by one missionary for the non-payment of school fees might call in the services of some other communion. Although this is, I trust, less the case now than it was in former years, there is still in places a great deal of bitter rivalry, efforts being devoted to proselytising rather than evangelising, and the rule of charity being utterly forgotten. A feeling is now springing up among ministers of all denominations that much of this clashing is avoidable; and that, if this be so, steps ought to be taken to put an end to it. It must be remembered that there is such a wide field of entirely heathen work, that it ought to be quite possible to lay down, in mutual conference, some lines of work, which would put a stop to the friction that often now exists, without surrendering or compromising any principle. Clearly we are all bound to look after our own members, to follow up our own sheep wherever they may wander, and not to hand them over to other communions: to do so would be to argue that it matters not what particular form of faith a man holds, that, apart from the question of salvation, there are no special privileges promised, no special blessings conferred

in certain ways, no special revelation of God's will in smaller as well as in larger matters: and to believe this would cut away all ground at once for our separations, and could logically only lead us to reunite. But although this indifferentism is impossible, and the following up of our own sheep, whilst the migratory instinct is still so strong among the Kaffir tribes, must bring us into contact with the work and the members of other religious bodies, surely, in the cause of Christian charity, it might be commonly conceded that when the members of our communion leave their own station and settle on, or in the immediate neighbourhood, of the station of some other denomination, their own minister should content himself with supplying them with religious ministrations, and should not attempt to establish what is technically known as a "school" there, a course which is sure to produce many evil results to the cause of Christ. When we turn to work among the heathen, to avoid friction is still easier. Is it not a mere matter of common sense, where there are such vast fields utterly untouched, that the newcomer should turn his attention to a people or a place where none is working, and not attempt to thrust himself into other men's labours? Some of us are already trying to work upon such principles as these; and I believe that the more widely they are adopted, the more will God be glorified.

It is comparatively easy now for the missionary to find a welcome, if not to gain a hearing, among the natives. Not that I can with truth say that, as a nation, or as tribes, the Kaffirs care about Christianity as such;¹ but they are certainly glad to receive missionaries, and to have schools planted in their midst. If you could get a heathen native to give you candidly his reasons why he liked to be

¹ This refers to the attitude of the tribes towards Christianity, before they are brought within its influence. Once drawn within its spell, the number of catechumens and adult baptisms shows how individuals feel that influence, and are ready to accept Christ in the face of many difficulties.

near a missionary, his answer would probably be of some such nature as this: that a missionary is a great convenience, for he is generally a kind-hearted man, ready to give blankets to the cold and aged, very useful to borrow money from with which to pay the hut-tax, a sort of walking newspaper from whom all the latest information may be acquired, and a capital person to act as a go-between between the chief and the Government! There is also much more than this. Many of the headmen like to have their own missionary, because it adds to their importance, or seems further to identify them as "Government men" (the two utterly different notions of "missionary" and "white Government" having been, most unfortunately, connected closely from the very first), and there is a strong feeling now that "the old order has yielded place to new," and that, if they wish themselves, their children, and their people to take any place in the world, it can only be through education; and the education must be got through the missionaries. So that there is hardly any part of the country now where the "abafundisi"¹ are not welcome. It often is from lower motives that the door is opened (surely lower motives are not unknown at home also), but for all that "Christ is preached."

And so it comes to pass that Christian notions and Christian usages are spreading rapidly even among the heathen. Men have learnt to work now as well as women; Sunday is often kept as a day of rest even by those outside; and the attribution of power to God by the heathen in their talk with us, and to a certain extent in their own thoughts, as when they come to pray for rain, is quite a matter of course.

Of that huge mass of some 470,000 heathen, what shall be said? Heathen they are, and yet far from devoid of the religious element. Indeed, belief in the Unseen forms a very large portion of their daily life, brought together

¹ "Ministers," plural of *umfundisi*.

in a multitude of superstitions, many of which are merely exaggerations of the truth. What is the belief in the existence of the spirits of the dead, and their action upon the living in the way of presentiments or by the sending of misfortunes, for which they must be propitiated by sacrifices, but a form of the Christian faith that the soul is immortal, and that there is a communion of saints which is increased rather than hindered by death? Does not the belief in witchcraft find a prominent place in the Bible? And is it not quite conceivable that in a country which lies in the bondage of heathenism, the "prince of this world" should be able to exercise more fully the faculty of "giving to whomsoever he will" some of his own malignant power, and that this, and not solely imposture, may be at the root of much that surprises and perplexes us? These beliefs, with other kindred ones, such as faith in the rain-makers, dread of places struck by lightning, and the like, go to make up the religious life—if we may so term it—of the heathen Kaffir. What is mainly lacking is any true idea of God, and any constant worship or prayer, private or public.

Of the white people in the diocese (only a handful, as compared with the native population), some are engaged in farming, others in trading either in the villages or out in the native districts, while some find their occupation in the civil and military services. As is probably the case in all colonies, old public school men and university men are not unfrequently to be found in situations which at first strike the newcomer as very incongruous; but we are a republican community in many respects, and do not judge of a man by his clothes or by his employment. One class is, however, conspicuous by its absence. The English labouring man, as known at home, is not to be found, his place being but feebly supplied by natives. The hospitality of Kaffraria, as probably of all colonies, is unfailing.

Among the white people, certainly the largest work is

being done by our own Church, although in Kokstad the Congregationalists have a large congregation, and the Wesleyans at Umtata, Maclear, and elsewhere have resident ministers for the Europeans. The Presbyterians are also now developing a white work. The danger to the Church, however, lies in the Roman Catholic Convent Schools. Whereas eight years ago there were neither priests nor schools of this communion in Kaffraria, there are now four of the former and three of the latter. The self-denying lives of their celibate and indefatigable priests undoubtedly appeal most strongly to people; and the excellent and marvellously cheap education given in the convents proves most attractive to persons whose own religious convictions are not always very firmly settled, and who cannot understand that the early associations of environment and unconscious impressions upon eye and ear are far more powerful in moulding or perverting faith than direct proselytising. If the Church of England is not to lose the future wives of the white men in Kaffraria (and that means ultimately the whole of the white community), means must be given her to enable her vastly to extend her school work.

It will be readily understood that in a country nearly as large as Scotland scenery must vary greatly. I have already tried briefly to describe what may be considered as the typical and normal scenery of Kaffraria, although both words and photographs give but a very feeble and inadequate idea of it; but it must not be supposed that this description applies universally. In Pondoland the country is very broken, and the scenery in many places exquisite: the ride, for instance, from the Mlengane to S. John's, and again from S. John's to S. Andrew's, leaving little to be desired from this point of view—wood, rivers, and hills alternating or blending together into a series of exquisite pictures. In other places the landscape assumes a park-like aspect, where, as under the Insizwa mountains

or by the Tsitsana, the country is dotted over with the sugar-bush, the large red flowers of which add an agreeable variety to the scene. In the north-east portion of the diocese, where Kaffraria trends towards Natal, there is not a little to remind the Englishman of his own country from time to time.

There is, I think, little exaggeration on the part of those who describe the climate as "almost perfect." The heat of the summer is tempered by the dryness of the atmosphere, so that it is generally possible to travel right through the hottest part of the day; and although in winter there may be three or four degrees of frost by night, yet the days are delightfully warm. The rainy season *par excellence* is in the early part of the year, more especially in February and March; but the rainfall is not by any means restricted to this season. The two great drawbacks are found in the hailstorms, which, however, are only periodical and local, when large pieces of jagged ice fall, with such force as to break windows, destroy crops, and sometimes even riddle corrugated iron;¹ and the strong wind which blows from time to time, bringing with it clouds of dust, and not unfrequently unroofing such huts or houses as have been badly constructed. Such devastation, however, may always be avoided by careful building.

¹ I have heard of one such case, not, however, in Kaffraria itself.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT UMTATA.

THE history of Umtata recalls the foundation of many English towns which have grown up round the Cathedral, for it may be truly said to have been created by the first Bishop of S. John's, Dr. Callaway, so well known for many years as S.P.G. missionary at Springvale, Natal. When he first decided to fix the seat of the newly-formed See on the banks of the Umtata river, the site which he selected was marked by only two or three houses; but the Government officials followed the Bishop, and soon a little town was formed which is now the most important place between King Williamstown and the Natal border, and boasts, as we are told by one whose home was at Umtata for thirteen years from its first foundation, "of a camp of Cape Mounted Riflemen, five places of worship, six schools, two hotels, two banks, several stores or shops, a telegraph office, and a newspaper."¹ The Cathedral had scarcely been opened when, on the breaking out of the Gcaleka war in 1877, it became a refuge for all the Europeans in the neighbourhood, a laager being formed round it, and the building itself being loopholed and prepared for a siege. Again, three years later, Umtata was disturbed by the near neighbourhood of war, when the Pondomisi chief Umhlonhlo treacherously murdered his magistrate, Mr. Hamilton Hope, and a large combination of Kaffir tribes was expected to be formed against the white men. A laager was made in the town

¹ Canon Cameron, "In Memoriam, Bishop Callaway," *Mission Chronicle of the Scottish Episcopal Church*, No. LV.

itself, portions of which were still visible when I made the acquaintance of the place a year and a half later.

The beauties of Umtata were neither numerous nor striking. It lies on the gently undulating slopes of the Tembu hills, where they reach down to the river Umtata, which winds in and out with the Camp bend, and the Mission bend, and other sinuosities, the two named marking the two outside limits of the town at different ends. From the C.M.R. barracks to the group of mission buildings is a distance of about a mile and a half, the intervening space being more or less filled up with somewhat straggling houses. To one fresh from England the noticeable features of the place were two: that all the houses had one storey only, and all were roofed with corrugated iron. Since those days Umtata has much improved externally. Some handsome buildings have been added to it; a park (still in its infancy) has been formed; the streets are better defined; gardens have developed, and trees have grown up. Although, perhaps, it can hardly lay claim as yet to beauty, it is already on the high road to do so. But in 1882, when a whole morning had to be devoted to finding out whether Umtata really had any streets or not, when it was possible to traverse the town in almost every direction undeterred by fences or buildings, the beauty of the place was concentrated in the river, which divides Tembuland from Independent Pondoland, or in the glorious views of the Kambi bush and the S. Augustine's hills, with their exquisite effects of light and shade.

On the mission itself there were two buildings worthy of notice. The Pro-Cathedral, an iron building lined with wood throughout, will seat a congregation of 250, and contains a handsome pulpit. Very unecclesiastical externally, within it has a far more church-like aspect than might have been expected; and was decidedly improved, as far as its capabilities would allow, by the late Provost. A good cathedral is one of the wants of the diocese. The

Native College was, and is, a long low building of stone, with iron roof. A scheme is now on foot to enlarge and improve this; and on the success of the appeal which is now being made for that special object much of the future welfare of the diocese will depend.

The native work of Umtata centred in the College, which is not only a higher school for native boys and young men, many of whom afterwards become teachers or take up Church work, but also a theological college for the training of native students for the minor offices of the ministry or for Holy Orders. At this time the white boys' day school was also a department of the College. The Bishop was fortunate in having been able to entrust the whole of this most important work to an ex-scholar of C.C.C., Oxford, the Rev. W. M. Cameron, afterwards elected by his brother clergy to one of the first canonries in S. John's, and appointed by the diocesan first Provost of the Cathedral.

In 1882, in addition to the Pro-Cathedral of the Anglican Church, the only other place of worship was a small undenominational chapel in the middle of the town, which was utilised by the Wesleyans. Since that time the members of that communion have built a chapel for themselves, as has also been done by the Roman Catholics.

In the Pro-Cathedral the daily offices were said both in Kaffir and English; and in addition there were celebrations on holy days and Thursdays. (In 1884 a daily celebration was commenced, and a special weekly service of intercession.) The succession of services on Sunday was almost unintermitted; the 7.30 celebration being followed by military service at 10.0, English full service 11.0, Kaffir service 1.0, English 3.0, Kaffir 7.30, so that by the end of a hot summer's day the iron building was almost unbearable, and steps had already been taken to provide a new Church in the town itself for the white people.

Owing to the fact that Umtata is the diocesan centre, the clerical staff resident there, engaged in parochial, secre-

tarial, or educational work, is necessarily large, our little band of clergy in those days including two white priests, two white and one native deacon. With these and the native theological students we were able, now that the disorganisation produced by the late war was passing away, largely to extend our work: serving the Cathedral on the mission, and the Church of S. James' in the town, when it was built, and supplying services at the native location (where we also commenced a day-school), at a farm some six miles away among the natives, and at three different European centres in Pondoland and Tembuland, at distances of from twenty to thirty miles from Umtata, which allowed whoever had gone out to take the monthly service time to ride back again the same afternoon to the town to take his share in the evening duty there.

Although the Europeans in the country bear numerically such a very small proportion to the native tribes, no endeavours have been wanting in Kaffraria, as in other dioceses subsidised (as that is, most liberally), by the S.P.G., to give spiritual help to our own fellow-countrymen. And certainly it is most urgently needed, as many of them are the very first to recognise. The position of the white farmer is, from this point of view, comparatively easy. Most of them are married, and have white neighbours, so that they are not devoid of social intercourse; but it may be questioned whether any situation in the whole world is so terribly full of temptations as is that of the Kaffir trader.¹ Not a few of them have been accustomed to luxuries, comforts, or refinement, which have now passed away from them, probably for ever, and have only left behind that "sorrow's crown of sorrow, the remembering happier things." The whole day is spent indoors in an unwholesome atmosphere, and in the very wearying and trying employment of serving capricious and perhaps impertinent raw Kaffirs. When the evening comes, and the store is

¹ *i.e.*, the European trading among Kaffirs.

closed, there is no neighbour of European race or culture with whom to interchange ideas. The trader has no literature with which to occupy himself, except the ordinary stock of "yellow backs." In the majority of cases he cannot afford to marry a European wife. All around him are living people in a lower moral and spiritual condition than his own. There is nothing about him to remind him of the existence of God—no church, no sight of priest, no sound of bells. Worse than all is the evil atmosphere of heathenism, charged with the infection of Satan, which none can understand save those who have experienced it. Feeling all this, as any missionary who knows the country must do, and knowing that such persons felt the position yet more acutely themselves, it was a cause of intense delight to us to see traders riding their ten or twenty miles to come to the out-services which were established for them, to hear them asking for the services of the Church, and to mark the substantial offertories by which they showed their practical appreciation of the few means of grace that could be supplied to them.

The ordinary work in Umtata itself was much like that in any English village. Daily services and school; catechumen and confirmand classes; district visitors' meetings; C.E.T.S. work; constant visiting; boys' cricket club; singing classes and choir practices, and the like. A missionary abroad must be prepared for all this—not always for the historical preaching under a tree to a crowd of attentive hearers, or for a series of sensational conversions; but not unfrequently for an everyday life which will much resemble the work at home, and yet will be very different, because the sphere is so far larger, the labourers so far fewer.

This routine was diversified with occasional rounds of five or six days' visiting among the Europeans, arranging for or holding services, instructing candidates for confirmation, and the like. The preparation of confirmands is one of the most arduous labours which falls upon missionary

clergy engaged in white work. A class of six or eight people, which to town clergy at home would represent one hour a week, to us may mean a whole week's occupation in the place of one hour, distances being so great and means of locomotion so feeble, so that the whole preparation of one set of confirmation candidates must often consume a very large amount of time. It would have been amusing at times, if it had not been melancholy, to see the unfamiliarity of those who were or had once been Church people with her services, a sure index of the length of time for which they had been deprived of her ministrations. The surprise of one of the clergy when, at the end of the *Te Deum*, he was saluted with a very fervent *Gloria* from those who had steadily refused to supply it at the end of the *Venite* and the *Psalms*, was more than equalled by the perturbation of another when, in the course of a baptism, one of the god-parents turned to him with a most emphatic "I demand therefore." And yet what can be more natural than that our countrymen abroad should grow up in ignorance of our *Prayer-Book*, if, through want of men and means, it is impossible for our Church to keep up her supervision over them.

These little tours were not confined to the white people, but were directed also, from time to time, to the natives. There were, then, four little oases of native members of the Church in that part of Tembuland within easy reach of Umtata, six, twelve, fifteen, and fifteen miles away or thereabouts. The communicants of these Christian families would generally come into Umtata once a month to make their communion, and for the other Sundays lay ministrations were supplied by licensed native preachers. It was our hope to start schools and mission stations at two, at least, of these centres, but our efforts proved abortive. In the one case, the Tembu chief refused his sanction through dislike to the nationality of the Christians, who were Fingoes, and fear of the introduction of the "thin end of the wedge,"

and the ultimate ousting of his own people by a tribe which is notorious for its land-grabbing—a fear which was by no means unreasonable. In the other case, the refusal proceeded rather from dread of the white men, who were supposed to be the inevitable followers of missionaries and mission work. And here again the train of reasoning was in itself a just one. It is a fact that the missionary is almost always the pioneer; that he is followed by the trader; and that after the trader comes the white Government, which, whatever benefits it may confer, means at any rate loss of independence and introduction of alien methods. From two, at least, of these four places, the Christians soon afterwards moved away, in order to go where they could obtain schooling for their children and the means of grace for themselves. In one of the others a church and mission has been quite recently established from Umtata.

We attempted also to begin work among the heathen Bomvanas, a tribe in which at that date no Christian communion had commenced evangelisation. Three times appointments were made for meetings, but on every occasion the arrangements fell through, unavoidably as it seemed. Since then the ground has been occupied by a Presbyterian medical mission under the son of the well-known Tiyo Sogha.¹

Such time as I could spare from multifarious duties as incumbent of a very large parish, diocesan secretary, registrar, and one of the two examining chaplains, had, of course, to be devoted to the acquiring of Kaffir. The first time that I took service in that language was on July 15. The Kaffir services were, by private arrangement, habitually conducted by the Warden of the College, Mr. Cameron, who was an excellent Kaffir scholar. On this occasion, however, he was unexpectedly detained in the town, and a quarter of an hour before evensong began, I received a

¹ The Rev. Tiyo Sogha, a Presbyterian minister, one of the most remarkable men that the Kaffir races have produced.

message from him to say that he would be unable to be present. The native deacon being absent, I had to step into the breach myself, taking the service and presiding at the harmonium with no little trepidation, as six weeks had not made me familiar with either language or pointing. To make matters worse, it was the fifteenth evening of the month, so that it was no small relief to find that we were out of service before nightfall.

At Umtata, naturally, much of the work was diocesan, and it so happened that into the year and a half which I spent there several interesting events chanced to fall. 1882 happened to be the year for the triennial Diocesan Synod, which was convened for June 29, and lasted until July 6. The Synod is composed of all clergy holding, with the Bishop's sanction, any cure or public office in the diocese, or licensed by the Bishop to any extra diocesan mission (deacons having liberty to speak, but not to vote), and lay representatives, who must be communicants and of the full age of twenty-one, elected by each separate congregation to which a separate minister in Holy Orders shall have been appointed. This, at least, was the rule until the last Synod, when a fresh canon was passed, with the view of equalising more the number of lay representatives and licensed priests. As, however, the revised canons have not yet been issued, it is impossible to give the actual terms. Only communicants are entitled to vote as electors of the lay representatives.

The ordinary routine of the Synod is as follows. It is preceded by a day's retreat, and commences with a celebration of the Holy Communion, which is always celebrated daily during the sittings. The Special Synod Service is sung at 9.30, the Psalm being cxxxiii., and the Lesson 1 Pet. v. 1-6. After this the Synod is constituted, the Bishop sitting at a table in the aisle of the choir, the clergy in their cassocks in the choir seats, and the lay representatives in the front seats of the nave. Among the latter are

to be found some of the leading men in the diocese, both of the Civil Service and merchants, and their help in Synod is simply invaluable. The native congregations almost invariably elect white men to represent them, the native laymen being found in the native conference, which sits at the same time as the Synod, and discusses such subjects as may be sent down to it from the latter body.

The work in Synod is usually very hard. The actual sittings last, as a rule, only from 9.30 to 1, and 3 to 5; but generally every available spare moment is occupied with meetings of committees until 11 or 12 at night. The closing scene is full of interest, when the Bishop and clergy pass within the sanctuary and sing, with the laymen who stand round the rails, a concluding *Te Deum*.

The annual meeting of the Diocesan Finance Board is also held at the time of Synod. Since 1882 the organisation of the finance has been much improved. The administration of the S.P.G. Block Grant, which is for the current year £3048, of the Scottish¹ Block Grant, and the English contributions to the General Fund, known as K.C.M. (Kaffrarian Church Mission) Fund, rests entirely in the hands of this Board, which is composed of the Bishop, Archdeacons, Clergy-in-charge, Diocesan Secretary, Accountant, and a lay parishioner elected annually for each parish. (According to our canon these parishioners must be communicants.) Clergy and laity are, therefore, represented in about equal proportions, the lay members of the Board including some of the most prominent men in the diocese. Routine and *ad interim* business is carried on by a Standing Committee of the Board, without the consent of which no cheques can be drawn. This Committee presents its report annually at the general June meeting of the Board, when the full annual accounts of all parishes which have been previously sent in are very

¹ Given through the Representative Church Council of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

carefully scrutinised, and the grants for the coming year, commencing with January, are voted.

The meetings of Synod and the D.F. Board are always occasions for meetings of the clergy, who are ordinarily debarred from seeing much of one another by the great distances and want of proper means of locomotion. In 1883 there were also other causes which twice in the year drew our missionaries to Umtata.

In accordance with a provision of the Provincial Canons, the diocesan, Bishop Callaway, whose strength had for some time been overtaxed, had asked for the assistance of a coadjutor, and a mandate had been in due sequence issued for his election, for by Provincial Canon 3, any diocese in the province which possesses not less than six priests elects its own bishop. The electors are the priests, voting severally, and the deacons (if there be three or more) voting corporately through one of their number; and further, the assent of representatives of the laity is required.

As the elective assembly had been summoned for April 17, opportunity was taken to fix the dedication of S. James' Church for Europeans, in the town of Umtata, for the 15th. The erection of this Church, which set free the Cathedral on Sundays for native services, and provided the white people with a place of worship of their own in their own midst, was a very great boon both to laity and clergy; and the dedication was a very solemn service, attended by the majority of the clergy in the diocese.

The proceedings of the 17th commenced with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.30, and after breakfast the assembly met. It was at first suggested that resort should be had to delegation to three authorities of the Church at home, but it was generally felt that those far away could know little of our own special requirements, and that it was most advisable, if it were possible, to elect one who should bring to his work a knowledge of the language and of the people among whom his sphere of labour

would lie. This principle having been established, the choice of the assembly fell unanimously on the Rev. B. L. Key (who had meanwhile been requested to retire), brother of the late Admiral Sir Cooper Key, who since 1864 had been working as a missionary in Kaffraria, for a few months at All Saints', and for the succeeding eighteen years among the Pondomisi—a priest who would bring to the missionary episcopate great powers of leading a laborious life of hardship, self-denial, and travelling, together with a consummate knowledge of the people and the language.

On August 12, 1883, Mr. Key was consecrated Bishop-Coadjutor *cum jure successionis* at Umtata by the Metropolitan (Bishop Jones, of Capetown), assisted by the Bishops of Maritzburg (Dr. Macrorie), S. John's (Dr. Callaway), and Zululand (Dr. M'Kenzie). It was a wonderful sight for the inhabitants of that little upland village of Umtata, which seven years before had been non-existent, to see the long surpliced choir of natives from the Cathedral and Europeans from S. James' winding round the Church, followed by some thirty clergy, and the fine-looking Bishops, whose *average* height was over six feet; and within S. James' Church, which was used as being larger and cooler than the Cathedral, to mark the large and reverent congregation of some 450 whites and natives, many of whom had come in from a distance to be present, and among whom might be seen the members of the Wesleyan congregation, their minister having closed his chapel for the day. The sermon was preached by Archdeacon (then Canon) Lightfoot, of Capetown, one whose name is a household word in South Africa, not only for his unremitting labours, but also for his unfailing hospitality to all missionaries. The litany was sung in Kaffir, fit reminder that ours was a missionary diocese, by the Rev. W. M. Cameron; the rest of the service, which was fully choral, was in English. It was indeed a day memorable in the annals of Umtata. There are not many villages of its size in any part of the

world which can boast of having been the resting-place for a few days of five bishops.

I have already spoken of the journeys which we used to make from time to time to look after the outside work, whether white or native. Some of these presented features of considerable interest. The first which I took myself was in August 1882, in order to find out the situation and make the acquaintance of such white families as there might be in the neighbourhood of Kambi, Tabase, and Baziya. Having at that time no horse, I started on the morning of the 21st, on foot, alone, walking that day sixteen miles, and on the two following days twenty-five and twenty-eight miles respectively, getting back again on the afternoon of the 23rd in plenty of time for a game of cricket with our white boys' cricket club. In this round of two and a half days I visited five white families, having a good deal of pastoral talk with some, and was much amused and pleased with the friendliness of the various natives across whom I came. It was a great surprise to them to see a white man without a horse, and many were at first inclined to think that my horse was lost, and perhaps that I was looking for it; but I mustered up enough Kaffir to make them understand that my legs were the two horses which carried me. In two cases natives joined themselves to me as my companions for part of the road: first, a man, who in the course of our attempted conversation asked me for "imali" (money). The word is as familiar to me now as the reality is unfamiliar to all missionaries; but at that time I laboured under the delusion that "imali" meant "pictures," and have often thought since then how mystified my friend must have been when I drew some pictures for him in the road with my stick, and pointed to them with much triumph as "imali!" Later on three little boys attached themselves to me for two or three miles, of whose talk I was able to understand enough to know that they wanted (or said they wanted) work. The first night I spent at a trader's, sharing

his hut with himself and his assistant, but having the luxury of a bed. For the second I found a ready welcome with our ever hospitable German friends at the Moravian Mission Station at Baziya.

My first experience of a night at a Kaffir kraal was on March 20, 1883. I had ridden out to see some white people at Cicira and near Kambi, and had been delayed by a severe hailstorm and heavy rain. My intention was to get across for the night to some of our native Christians at Mpeko; but in the drizzle and the dark I missed my road, which lay right across the veldt, and finally about 7.30, seeing a large kraal near me, decided that it was my best plan to go up there and ask for a night's lodging. I described myself, in my broken Kaffir, as a friend of the Tembu chief, Gangelizwe,¹ and the Bishop, and was received very kindly, my horse being put into the cattle-kraal, while I myself was given a mat, and a place to sleep near the fire, which was burning in the middle of the hut. I had just dropped off to sleep, when I was roused to eat some mealies (Indian corn) which had just been cooked for me; and after that I found it very difficult to get to sleep again, being deterred not so much by the proximity of the fifteen red Tembus who shared the hut with me, as by the shameless voracity of the fleas, whose ubiquitousness and perseverance forcibly recalled the description which Aristophanes gives of them in one of his plays.

Occasionally on Fridays or Saturdays (for there was no school from Friday afternoon till Monday morning) some of the white boys would join me for a ride—for the colonial boy is brought up, as it were, in the saddle—more particularly three who afterwards accompanied me to Ncolosi, F. Rütters, W. Vice, and W. Leary. In this way we visited in May 1883 the Tsitsa Falls, sleeping on the

¹ Then paramount chief of the Tembus. His great son, the present chief—Gangelizwe being now dead—was educated at S. John's College, Umtata.

Friday night at a store about half way, a bed being made up for me on the counter, while the three boys had shake-downs on the floor; and riding the next day forty-five miles, or more, first on to the falls, where we spent an hour and a half, and back again to Umtata by 6.30. These falls are very fine, and well worth a visit, the height of the fall being 375 feet. On another occasion, in October of the same year, we rode out to see another of the few lions in the neighbourhood, a Bushman's cave near the Kambi. To call this a cave conveys quite a wrong idea, as it has more the aspect of a large recess or shelf in the rock; but the drawings are very curious, and show considerable cleverness, the representations of elephants, men, &c., being made with various-coloured earth.

This neighbourhood presents many traces of Bushmen in the names of the rivers, Ingxu, Gqaqala, Ndenxa, and Ngangaru, for the "x's" and "q's," like the "c's" of the Kaffirs, are "clicks," derived from the Bushmen's language. Indeed there is a family of Bushmen still living in a cave over the Ingxu, not far from the Gqaqala, who are considered the great rain-makers of the country, and derive their subsistence mainly, if not entirely, from the offerings or fees which they receive in return for the rain that they are supposed to make.

Twice during my stay at Umtata I took a longer journey, far outside the parish. In November 1882 I had settled to pay a flying visit to Kokstad, to see the newly appointed priest-in-charge, who had previously been working at Umtata. As I had not yet any horse of my own, and the post-cart fare was £4 or £5, Mr. Key (as he then was) and Mr. Adkin had kindly arranged for me to have horses lent me all along the road, a distance of about 120 miles. I left Umtata on November 1, on a horse lent me by the former, accompanied by the native who had brought it down. As we cantered into Ncolosi in the afternoon, one of my stirrups broke. This caused me to lose

THE TSITSA FALLS.

my balance, and I fell off, being dragged for some little distance over the veldt by my other stirrup before I could disentangle my foot, the stirrups being really much too small for me, as the saddle belonged to a boy of nine. It was an ominous beginning for a long ride; and entailed a black eye, which is not the best of recommendations for a strange clergyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Key were just beginning to settle down at Ncolosi, whither they had removed in the fresh settlement of the country after the war of 1880. They were living in two or three wattle-and-daub huts, and at a distance of some 300 yards was another hut, which served not only as a church, but also as the missionary's study. Here I slept, having to rise betimes in the morning, so that my bath and other signs of tenancy might be removed before Kaffir matins.

The next day Mr. Key accompanied me, by easy stages, as far as Qumbu. It was a ride of much interest to me, as we passed the place where the out-station of S. Paul's (now new Tsolo) had been, destroyed in the late war; and further on could see on our left the rocky and thorny valley where the seven Fingoes from Mbokotwana had been killed at the same time by the Pandomisi.

On the 3rd I made an early start at five o'clock, with a native policeman, reaching Mount Frere at nine A.M. Here I had hoped to find a fresh horse waiting for me; but the magistrate being away, I had to stay till his return, and eventually spent the whole day there, not leaving again till 10.15 on the next day, which was Saturday. I travelled in company with the then magistrate of Mount Ayliff, who was returning home, attended by a native policeman driving some mules, until we were scattered by a heavy storm, when we all rode hither and thither, searching for the straying mules, or looking for shelter. With these and other delays, it was six o'clock before I left Mount Ayliff, being still twenty-four miles

from Kokstad, where I was due to preach twice on the following day.

Very soon a heavy storm broke over us again, and the vividness of the lightning flashes only made the darkness that followed more intense. Seeing a light near the roadside, when we had gone some seven miles, and learning from the policeman that it was a white man's house, I determined to ask for shelter there. The reception at the first moment was not encouraging. When the owner came out, and I, sitting on my horse, asked whether he would give a night's lodging to a drenched clergyman, I was not a little astonished to be greeted with some such reply as this—"Oh no, you needn't try to take me in; I know better than that!" On my repeating that I really was what I professed to be, he came forward with a lantern, and then explanations rapidly followed. It appeared that his sons were out, and he thought that his interlocutors were these same sons trying to hoax him. After this, nothing could exceed the kindness of himself and his wife; and they insisted that I should breakfast with them as I passed on my return journey in the post-cart. The family must evidently have been fond of practical jokes; for after I had gone to bed at 8.30, in undisturbed possession of the sons' outside room, the door of which I locked, they on their arrival at a later hour thought that their father was inside, trying to make game of them, when I called out that the tenant was a benighted clergyman!

An early start the next morning brought me into Kokstad before eight o'clock, in plenty of time to fulfil my engagements. Two things struck me about the village: the beauty of its gardens and trees, and the dilapidated condition of its school-chapel, a lamp or two being blown out during service by the wind, and a bench giving way and precipitating its load to the ground. Since those days ecclesiastical affairs in Kokstad are very different.

Early on Tuesday, 8th, I started back again by post-cart.

The driver had been recently appointed—in fact, this was, I believe, his first trip ; and he was very nervous, which perhaps was not unnatural, considering the condition of the cart, and also of the roads down Brook's Neck and the Umzimvubu hills. (Cut roads have since been made in these places and elsewhere.) By his request I led the horses down the latter, expecting every moment to have them and the cart on the top of me. It was curious, and not reassuring, to be submitted to a critical inspection at almost every halt, and to hear the freely exchanged speculations as to whether we should reach our destination in safety or not. We slept that night at Qumbu, where I baptized a white child, and also held service (by special request) for the natives, and reached Umtata again by 1.15 P.M. on the Wednesday. Post-cart travelling in those days was neither of the pleasantest nor of the safest ; but it must be borne in mind that things are much altered for the better since that date.

My other journey of some length took place in January 1883, when I went to Port S. John's and S. Andrew's in Pondoland. It had been my intention to start at 3.30 A.M. on January 1st, but my Kaffir guide was late in arriving, so that we could not get off till five, and consequently did not reach our destination before nightfall. It had been a very hot day, and the flies had been very troublesome in the valleys beyond Bunting, so that it had been necessary to keep one hand constantly employed in scraping them off my face. It was then by no means unpleasant to offsaddle at nine P.M., and have a three hours' nap on the veldt. When the moon rose we went on again, and soon reached the place where we had intended to sleep ; but finding the white man out, continued our ride, and after another two hours' offsaddle and sleep on the veldt, arrived at Port S. John's by 7.15 on the morning of the 2nd. The beauty of the surroundings at the Umzimvubu mouth is naturally very great, and was all the more striking after the com-

parative barrenness of Umtata. For the last few miles the path runs along the river side, with its broad expanse on the left, bordered on the other side by hills clothed with bush down to the water's edge, while on the right again the hills rise up covered with trees which droop down over the traveller, or form an arch above his head, until at last, where the hills culminate in the grand cliffs known as the Gates, the river spreads itself out into the sea, and a little village is found nestling in among the thick foliage which reaches right down to the shore. The climate here is at the least semi-tropical, and no better spot could have been selected for the six days' holiday which forms such an unusual feature in Kaffrarian life. As a general rule, holidays have to be unknown to us for various reasons; not only because it is impossible to procure *locum-tenentes* for our vacant parishes, but also because it is hard to find suitable places for a holiday within easy reach, or places where the stray clergyman will not immediately find a call upon his services; and moreover it is no easy task to begin with, where parishes are so large, to get out of one's parish at all. However, on the other hand, there is not the same need for holidays in a country where the ordinary parochial work presents so much variety and change, and where the constant itineration from station to station enables the same sermon not unfrequently to be used again and again.

The week passed very pleasantly in bathing and boating, and on the Sunday we were enabled to have three services—the early celebration in the R.M.'s house, and English matins and Kaffir evensong under the trees which enclosed a church-like space, where indeed very soon afterwards the actual church was built.

On the Monday I left early for S. Andrew's, accompanied by a guide whom the R.M., from whom, as well as his wife, I had experienced great hospitality and kindness, had placed at my disposal. The Umzimvubu had to be crossed in a boat, and on the other side I found my own

horse, which had been sent on the night before, and had been swum across the river. By 1.30 we were at S. Andrew's, and I saw with great interest the long wattle-and-daub building, and the neat wood school-chapel, surrounded by trees, which marked the place where Bishop Callaway had first thought to form his diocesan centre. The celebration on the following morning was the first which there had been at the station for many months. The vastness of the Egoso forest, in the immediate neighbourhood of which S. Andrew's lies, recalls the preconceived ideas of African scenery which so many form to themselves at home. A half day's ride back to Port S. John's, and two days' to Umtata, brought me home again in time for Sunday services.

When Bishop Key was consecrated in August 1883, it was decided that I should at the end of the year leave Umtata, where he was coming to reside, and go up to Ncolosi, to succeed him in the charge of S. Augustine's parish. Meanwhile, for the last few months of the year, that work was really placed in my charge. We were then very short-handed at Umtata. The Bishop was almost always away; Mr. Cameron was absent, acting as school-inspector; Mr. Adkin, now in priest's orders, had been placed in charge at Kokstad; Mr. Stewart had gone to Port S. John's, to commence church work there; and Messrs. Bean and Ntsiko, two deacons, with myself, had to serve the two churches at Umtata, together with all the outwork, and the parish of S. Augustine's. As regards the latter, it was impossible to do more than make periodical visits to Ncolosi and Umjika of two days at a time. At the former place a small wattle-and-daub house had by this time been built, and a small modicum of furniture had been left in it by the Bishop, such as a bed, table, chair, and some blankets. We used to bring up our own food with us from Umtata ready cooked, borrow such crockery as was needed from the native catechist, who lived some fifty yards

away, from whom also we obtained hot water, and after meals would go down to the stream which ran hard by and do our own washing, as we had done our own bed-making earlier. In fact these little visits used to be to myself and whoever accompanied me a kind of picnic, and brought me into a pleasant preliminary relationship with those who were shortly to be formally entrusted to my care.

By the end of the year Mr. Cameron had completed his work as school-inspector, and the Rev. R. H. Godwin having come out to take charge of S. James', there was nothing further to keep me at Umtata.

CHAPTER IV.

S. AUGUSTINE'S MISSION.

THE early history of this mission, like that of S. Mark's, the oldest station in the diocese, would be found to be full of interest, should it ever be written. The following epitome is taken from the pages of the *Mission Chronicle of the Scottish Episcopal Church* (No. XXVIII., vol. iii.). "The foundation of this mission was one of the results of Bishop Gray's visit to England in 1862. It was his Lordship's wish to found the Bishopric of Independent Kaffraria as early as that date; but this circumstances having prevented, he decided on extending the mission work already begun in connection with the diocese of Grahamstown, by pushing forward a mission party with a priest of some experience at its head. Even this was not realised, and the party which left England in 1864 consisted of merely two students from S. Augustine's, Mr. Key and Mr. Dodd, and two young natives of Kaffirland, sons of chiefs, who had had some years of instruction at the same College, after having been at school at Zonnebloem, in Capetown.

"After having been ordained deacons in King Williamstown during Advent 1864, the party went on into Kaffirland; and after spending six months with the Rev. J. Gordon, then at All Saints', during which time one of the native young men died, they went in August 1865 to the site of the late S. Augustine's Mission.

"The tribe amongst which they settled was the Pondo-misi, who had three years previously to this been driven by the Pondo and Tembu tribes from the neighbourhood of

the Umtata to the hilly country round S. Augustine's, and at the time of the foundation of the mission were in as wild a state as any tribe in the interior of the continent. There was no trader within reach, as all the tribes around them were more or less hostile; consequently the European luxuries of blankets, axes, hoes, &c., which now¹ render the Kaffir's struggle for existence somewhat easier, were then almost unknown. Nine out of ten men shivered under a well-brayed ox-hide; the tenth, more fortunate, would be the owner of a well-worn blanket, or, better still, a robe of soft skins of wild animals, sewed together with the prepared sinews of the ox.

"The work among this primitive people, with their chief Umditshwa, was interesting, if not encouraging. We have now no space to describe the building of the huts, and the first wattle-and-daub school-chapel, or the later brick chapel, which survived even the recent rebellion; nor to give details of the preaching at the kraals, or the long abortive attempts to collect the children for school; nor the darker side of the Kaffir character, when, misguided by superstition, they torture and put to death a supposed sorcerer." . . .

How much is indicated in those few words! How much patient and apparently thankless labour! What a story of endurance and faith! Stirring times, indeed, they must have been, when any day might bring its alarm of war, when kraals might be seen burning or cattle being driven off, as Umhlonhlo's Pondomisi made a raid upon Umditshwa's people, or the Pondos attacked the Pondomisi, or the Basuto horsemen swept down upon them from the north. Stirring, hard, and anxious times, when the missionary's wife had to lock herself into her room to escape the insolence of the chief's son, when only the intervention of the missionary saved a man on the station from being tortured to death as a wizard; or when, still worse, his

¹ Written in 1883.

intervention failed, and it was only by a night escape from his guard, and a flight covered by the darkness, that Umditshwa's brother could save himself from being put to death on a charge of sorcery. Truly it was the missionaries of those times who "bore the burden and heat of the day" in Kaffraria, not we, who are permitted in some degree to reap what they sowed, and to enjoy the shade of the trees which they planted.¹

Bishop Key continues: "Until the year 1872, when the country was taken over by the Government, the progress was merely nominal. It was little more than gaining the confidence, and in some cases the affection, of the people around us. For the first four years we baptized only one adult, and by the date just mentioned there were about twenty. This seems but little if we count our results by numbers. The cause is not far to seek: indeed it is an oft-told tale, the difficulty of winning to Christ the people of these African tribes, where the tribal feeling is still strong and intact. . . .

"The year 1872 found the tribe sorely impoverished by war and its attendant famine; and the mission and its missionary, as Mr. Dodd had now gone into Tembuland, had had its share of troubles. The principal feature of the last years of this first period of the mission was the number of sick and wounded folk brought there for refuge and asylum, who thus came into contact with religious teaching, and some of whom were baptized. But it was a trying time. Many of the people went away into Tembuland and other parts of the country; and it seemed almost advisable for the missionary to leave. However, he decided to remain, and without doubt his remaining prevented the tribe from being broken up.

"Just at this time was begun the out-station of S. Paul's, about twelve miles distant, on the road towards Umtata, to relieve the increasing population of S. Augustine's; and

¹ "Serit arbores, quæ alteri sæculo prosint."

about the same time monthly services began to be held amongst the English settlers at and about the Umtata.

“And now, when things were at their darkest, when all hope of a peaceful settlement among the adjacent tribes seemed gone, there stepped in the Government, first in the form of a commission to inquire into the disturbances, and find out if the belligerents would come under British protection; and then in 1873 came Mr. Orpen to receive their submission, and bring in a new era of peace.

“The country now became filled up. The wide plains around S. Paul’s, before unoccupied for fear of raids from the Pondos or Umhlonhlo’s people, were now quickly filled, and parties of Fingoes, mostly Christians, from the neighbourhood of S. Mark’s, were attracted by this rich land, and applied for and obtained leave from the chief and the magistrate to settle. Thus were begun the out-stations of Mbokotwana and Umjika.

“There was a new element. Colonies of half-civilised families, mostly Christian, pushing, industrious, and I may say grasping, came to settle among the raw Pandomisi—came with their new-fangled ways, used to colonial law and order, ready to cringe to the chief to get his lands, but secretly despising him.

“And it must be confessed that for the time the effect was bad; for these colonies of Fingoes—though, on the whole, they were orderly, peace-loving, and Christian in their behaviour—went very near to neutralise the good feeling that had grown up between the missionary and the Pandomisi tribe. The history of the next seven years would be almost filled with the account of the squabbles which ensued between the Fingoes and the Pandomisi.”

So writes the missionary who from 1865 to 1883 upheld almost alone among the Pandomisi the standard of the cross. His story brings us down to the year 1880, the year in which, as already stated, the storm of war broke over Kaffraria, and the so-called Pandomisi rebellion took

place. To human judgment it seemed then most unfortunate that the war should have broken out just when it did, for Mr. Key, the one man in the country who might have stopped it, was at the time in England. For some account of that desultory three months' war, marked by Umhlonhlo's¹ treacherous murder of Mr. Hope; the incarceration of some thirty white people at Tsolo for a week; the march of the Pondo relieving column, headed by a Wesleyan missionary, from Gungululu to Tsolo and back to Umtata; the firm and most helpful loyalty of the Christians at S. Paul's and S. Augustine's; the massacre of the seven Christians at Mbokotwana; I would refer to the narratives of the actors themselves, which I have gathered up in the little "Reminiscences of the Pandomisi War."² When Umditshwa surrendered in January 1881, the mission buildings at S. Paul's and Mbokotwana, and the house at S. Augustine's (but not the church), were destroyed, the country devastated, the people scattered: the work had to be begun again *de novo*.

Umditshwa had formerly given tracts of land for church purposes at S. Augustine's and S. Paul's. S. Augustine's (the chief mission station) and Tsolo, the residency of the magistrate, had both been proved by this time to be in somewhat unsuitable positions; and at the suggestion of the R.M., it was arranged that he should remove to S. Paul's (on the Xokongxa stream), which accordingly changed its name from S. Paul's to Tsolo, a very misleading title, as the Kaffir Tsolo denotes the sharp-pointed hill hanging over the river Ingxu, by the site of the old residency; while the missionary should select for himself a

¹ The paramount chief of the Eastern Pandomisi, across the Tsitsa. He is to this day an exile at large, with, I believe, a price upon his head.

² "Reminiscences of the Pandomisi War: Episodes in the History of the Kaffrarian Mission." Blackwood, Edinburgh. Accounts from the pens of natives and white people of various scenes in the war, in which they played a part. These accounts are specially interesting, as showing the loyalty and helpfulness of the Christian natives.

fresh place in compensation for the two original grants at the stations named above. Bishop Key, after careful consideration and examination of the country, decided to choose a tract of land on the Ncolosi stream. This selection was ratified by the Government, and hither were removed the Christian families of Fingoes who had formerly been settled on the Ingxu and the Xokongxa, the station of S. Paul's thus ceasing to exist. The same could not be said of the old S. Augustine's, for the brick church, which still remained, and the fine garden enclosing the ruins of the parsonage, were secured to the mission by the Government, and two families of Christian Pandomisi preferred to remain there, so that this now sank into the position of an out-station. The old site of the residency at Tsolo (not new Tsolo, but the place rightly so called on the river Ingxu) was occupied in 1884 by a Presbyterian missionary—an unfortunate choice of a country in which, and a people among whom, the Church of England had been working for nineteen years, and was still working, in preference to districts which were absolutely untouched by any Christian operations.

The war of 1880, and the subsequent Land Commission of the Government, entirely changed the face of the country. The Pandomisi no longer occupied the whole of the magisterial districts of Tsolo and Qumbu, but only one location in each, while the chief of the Western Pandomisi was a prisoner at Capetown, and the head of the eastern section of the tribe was an outlaw, with a price upon his head, hiding for his life in Basutoland or elsewhere. Fingoes, and also Tembus, were brought in from Maclear district and other parts to occupy the land which had been taken from the Pandomisi who had fought against the Government, and the out-stations of S. Augustine's, Mbokotwana, and Umjika all fell outside the now restricted Pandomisi location, although many members of the tribe were living in the vicinity of the last-named place, so that when

Bishop Key, on his consecration, had to leave Ncolosi, and hand over the work of S. Augustine's parish to his successor, he was necessarily obliged to hand it over in a state of flux.

The glebe-land at Ncolosi lies, as it were, in the centre of a horseshoe. Almost immediately behind it rises a well-wooded hill, while the two projections of the horseshoe are formed by other hills—the one, the Kwanca, a barren, flat-topped hill, stretching away towards the Jengca stream, on the slopes of which lie most of the kraals of the mission people, the furthest being perhaps a mile away; while the other side is formed by the great Bele hill, with masses of bush clothing its sides here and there. Between the central plateau where the glebe-land is situate (and where are also found some four or five of the station kraals) and the two hills named above lie two valleys with beautiful little streams running through them, which thus break the continuity of the horseshoe. Up one of these, under the Bele mountain, goes the footpath, leading through Umjika (twelve miles) to Umtata (twenty-four miles). From the other, which opens out to a greater width, is taken out the water-furrow which comes right past the parsonage and irrigates the glebe-land. The two streams meet a half mile or so below the missionary's house.

Looking away beyond the confluence, the land rises slightly again, and the final kraals of the mission are seen almost straight in front, about a mile from the Church. Beyond this, the kraals of the heathen Pandomisi lie very thick, until, at a distance of five miles, the river Ingxu is reached, shortly beyond which rise up the bold S. Augustine's hills, the lower slopes studded with kraals, the large kloofs filled with bush: the range of hills which, in that quarter, closes the view from Ncolosi, and above which, but many miles away, lies Maclear. Most of the mission land is cultivated, but parts are reserved for pasturage. Such was the place which became my home on January 1, 1884.

I cannot contend that in itself, as yet, it is beautiful, because our trees have not yet grown up enough; but the view on almost every side is exquisite, and we are very fortunate in having our lines cast in such a well-watered country. As was only to be expected, little had yet been built. There was a wattle-and-daub parsonage, with thatched roof, of three rooms; detached kitchen, of wattle-and-daub, with iron roof; and two huts adjoining, one small and windowless. This group of buildings formed the parsonage. In estimating this we have to take into account that the verandah room (which was my bedroom) at that date leaked hopelessly. Often have I woke up in the middle of the night to find the rain streaming in on me; have tucked my bed under my arm (for, happily, the bedstead was a folding one), and run out with it, and finished the night in another room. No amount of persuasion or harsher measures would prevent that roof from leaking. The Church was a round hut, with one window, and the school and carpenter's shop were similar. Another hut, without a window, was used as a stable. There was one noticeable and interesting feature in the Church-hut; the altar, which had been made by Mr. Key himself before the war, had passed through it in safety, and had now been brought over to the new station.

The native out-stations were four in number—Mbokotwana, Umjika, S. Augustine's, and Kanyelwa's. At all of these, except S. Augustine's, the people were in process of being moved. The Mbokotwana people were first removed to Esiququni, and then, on their own representations, backed up by the Bishop, back to Mbokotwana; Kanyelwa's family were just being brought down from the Ndenxa (Pot River) to the Tsitsa, whence they were again afterwards shifted to Esiququni; and at Umjika the site of the mission was being changed. Consequently buildings had to be erected at all these places, and until that could be done we had to be content with common huts.

Worship in huts is a curious experience. There is not a little to distract. Frequently a dog or a fowl will persistently try to force its way in, and has to be driven out again and again ; sometimes it is almost impossible to see the words of the liturgy, as the light which streams through the four-foot high doorway is blocked out by the crowd of worshippers who cannot find space inside ; the head has often to be bowed, not in reverence, but because the roof is so low that the officiating priest cannot stand upright ; but as you look round upon the congregation, and see this one or that one whom you know has walked that morning six or eight miles, starting before sunrise, to come and meet his Lord ; as your eyes fall upon a little band which travelled fifteen miles on the Saturday afternoon to be in good time for their Sunday communion ; as you listen to the heartiness and yet the melody with which that choral Eucharist is rendered ; as, above all, the wondrous hush, that *silence which can be felt*, that succeeds the consecration prayer—when, for all he hears, the priest, in spite of the eighty or a hundred worshippers, might fancy himself alone with his God—sinks into your heart ; then you can realise that, in spite of all that hinders and distracts devotion, “God is in that place,” quite as truly as in the most noble cathedral that English devotion ever reared. And yet I do not mean that we wish to hold our services in common huts : far from it ! only that, when we are forced to do so, there are compensations of which the outside world knows little.

Of the various stations that I have named, S. Augustine's is seven miles from Ncolosi, Mbokotwana twelve, Esiququni about fifteen, Umjika twelve, and the part of Tsitsa where Kanyelwa was settling for a short time at the beginning of 1884 must have been nearly twenty-five miles away.

The out-station system is as follows. The station is put in charge of a native catechist or preacher. These two terms are not synonymous. The catechist is one who has

passed a diocesan examination, been set apart to his office by the Bishop, and holds the episcopal license ; the simple preacher is generally an old man, a survival of the older system when Christian men were few, and the diocese was as yet unconstituted, and the individual missionary was forced by necessity to place some of his converts in positions for which they were fitted by zeal and conscientiousness rather than by education and learning. The duties of the catechist or preacher-in-charge are as follows : to hold matins and evensong daily, to instruct the classes of catechumens and confirmands, to visit the sick, to baptize *in cases of emergency*, to bury, and to report to the missionary anything that requires his own attention. Besides the catechist, there are chapel-wardens elected by the people to discharge the usual duties (men whom I have found most useful in looking after the fabric of the Church, keeping order within its walls, and seeing that no unworthy communicants present themselves), and a teacher, who generally draws a Government grant, and holds school for four hours daily five days in the week, and usually also a sewing-mistress to teach the girls sewing three days weekly. All these are natives. The staff, of course, varies in different parishes or at different stations, and the rate of pay is also far from uniform. Probably the average pay for a catechist is about £10 ; for a competent teacher about £30. In some cases the offices of catechist and teacher are combined. When it is borne in mind that some parishes have twenty stations or more, and that the whole diocese includes more than ten parishes, it will be seen at once what a very large use is made of native lay agents ; and how much we are for the present dependent upon them.

In addition to the out-stations, there are sub-stations, where a few members of the Church have settled in the same locality ; but there is no proper school, or mission, or duly appointed catechist. In cases such as these, some

man is generally authorised to read the service on Sunday, without preaching, and the people come to make their communion ordinarily at the nearest out-station.

The manual of instruction for the classes is a Kaffir catechism, authorised by the Bishop (in the main a translation of a well-known English catechism), which was carried out by the Rev. S. Adonis Bangela,¹ under the supervision of the Rev. R. H. Godwin. A book of Kaffir Sermon Sketches is now in the press, designed to help preachers in the preparation of their sermons, and especially to guide them along right doctrinal lines. Kaffir religious literature is rapidly growing in the dioceses of Grahamstown and S. John's: besides Bible, Prayer-Book, and Hymn-Book, we have a Manual for Holy Communion compiled by Bishop Key, a Manual of Prayer, translations of Wesley's Pastoral Advice, Bishop Walsham How's Plain Words (third series), and Bishop King's Meditations on the Seven Last Words, &c. The last two that I have named were made by one of the theological students of Canon Mullins of Grahamstown. At the present moment Bishop Key is engaged on a much-needed revision of the Prayer-Book.

Besides catechists and preachers we have outside preachers, corresponding in some degree to local preachers among the Wesleyans, who are allowed to preach among the *heathen* only. These men go out to various kraals every Sunday, and as a general rule receive no pay.

The relation of the missionary to the out-stations consists in periodical visits, the exact nature and frequency of which vary in different parishes, depending, of course, in a great measure on the area of the country to be traversed, the trustworthiness of the catechist in charge, the number of the stations, and other like considerations. After a year or two's experience I had a small hut built for myself at

¹ The second native priest in the diocese. It was he who brought the news of Mr. Hope's murder in the Pondomisi war.

my various out-stations ; and in the visits which I used to pay to each place about eight times in the year, adopted generally some such routine as this. Notice having always been carefully given beforehand, I would arrive about 1 or 2 P.M. on the Saturday, and spend the afternoon in examining and instructing the classes (thus verifying the habitual instruction given by the catechist), settling any cases which were brought before me, having personal interviews with any who might wish to see me privately, and also in teaching the catechist. After evensong the office of preparation for the Holy Communion was said. Hospitality is provided by the catechist, assisted by the other Christians. The accommodation and the food vary much. Sometimes both table and chair are little three-legged stools, standing about a foot from the ground, and the meat or mealies are brought in in a scuttle, helped out by a tin plate. Sometimes the arrangements are almost those of a European household. Until my visit to England in 1886 I used on these occasions to sleep on a mat, the saddle-bags generally serving as a pillow ; but since that date, by the kindness of friends at home, mattress and pillow-cases have been provided, which, stuffed with grass, afford most luxurious accommodation.

On Sunday the ordinary services are held, and in addition there are baptisms and churchings if any are required, and, of course, a celebration. If I remain for evensong, I generally make the catechist preach then, so as to have an opportunity of hearing him, having taken the morning service myself.

At first it was necessary to use the services of an interpreter. It is difficult to say which affords greater facility for misconstruction and misapprehension, employing an interpreter or preaching in Kaffir before the language has been really mastered. In either case ludicrous or terrible mistakes may arise, particularly, in the former case, if the words employed be not simple, and the idea be not pre-

sented in Kaffir fashion. I recollect once being foolish enough to use the term "foul." "If," I said, "a man uses foul words, we know that he has a foul heart." My interpreter went on very happily, "Ukuba umntu uyateta ngokwenkuku," which means, "If a man speaks like a fowl." Fortunately I understood what he said, and stopped him before he proceeded to the conclusion. Those were the days when I used often to travel with two dictionaries, and much amuse my interlocutors by looking up and finding out words which they had used to me of which I was ignorant before.

Sometimes these visits to the out-stations would be prolonged for two or three days ; or again at other times of the year, namely, at Christmas, Easter, and for the harvest festivals, all the stations would be visited one after the other, the missionary remaining at each one night only.

The harvest is generally reaped in May, and the harvest thanksgiving services are held about August or September, after the crops have been threshed out, so that each man may give his tithe to God. My practice is to begin the day with a celebration, at which a short address is given. After the service, the meeting to give the offerings is held just outside the Church ; then we return again into the building, and a few samples of what has been given are offered up, as representing the whole, and the service concludes with the *Te Deum* and the blessing.

Whether the station system be a wise one—that is, whether it be wise for the Christians to be massed together into centres—is a debatable question. But whether it be wise or foolish (and much may be urged with force on either side), it is a system that is inevitable, for the Christians will almost always gravitate to places where they can obtain the means of grace for themselves and education for their children.

I have spoken hitherto of the native out-stations which I found on taking charge of S. Augustine's parish. There

were also two white congregations to which monthly services were supplied—at Maclear, some thirty-six miles away, on the higher plateau; and at new Tsolo, where the magistrate lived, some nine miles distant. These were continued, although at neither place were there then any communicants of our Church; indeed, at Maclear almost all the people were Wesleyans, and at Tsolo Presbyterians. How much the tardiness of the Church in commencing operations abroad has to answer for!

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT NCOLOSI.

MY first year at Ncolosi was one of comparative leisure, such as has never been enjoyed since, and probably will never be enjoyed again. Looking back through an "Occasional Paper" dealing with that year, I find these words: "There are few days at home when it is not possible to find some time for reading, meditation, and correspondence." Now, as a rule, every single moment of the day brings its own occupation with it, without any intermission whatsoever, month after month.

It was only natural that this commencement of Kaffir work should have been a time of comparative ease, considering that my knowledge of Kaffir was then very slight. This, and the recent war, with its consequent temporary suspension of work, are ample explanations of this state of affairs. It was open to me to take advantage of this in one of two ways: either by devoting myself thoroughly to a very careful study of the language, or by taking some private pupils to live with me in my new home. At first sight everything would seem to recommend the former course; but there was a great deal to be said in favour of the latter. Life on a mission station in absolute isolation is most undesirable; and where, the clergyman being a celibate, it is, from want of funds or other causes, impossible to carry out the apostolic plan of sending out missionaries two and two, instead of singly, it seemed to be a hopeful plan to secure the companionship of some colonial lads, who might afterwards develop into missionaries them-

selves. By this means interpreters would always be ready to hand, the priest would not be alone, the lads would be receiving a good education, and be habituated to the missionary idea. It was, therefore, with much thankfulness that I received the consent of the parents of W. Vice, F. Rütters, and W. Leary, to take them with me to Ncolosi. This involved from two to three hours' *actual teaching* on five days in the week.

The day ran as follows. At sunrise, whatever the season, the first bell for service was rung; half an hour later, the second bell announced shortened matins, or, on Wednesdays and Fridays, litany. (In the halcyon days of 1888, when we were five workers living all together at S. Cuthbert's, we were able to have a daily celebration every morning at sunrise in our Oratory in English.) The average congregation would be about 15, from a total, at that date, of 134 Christians on the station, including infants. The number varied a good deal according to the time of the year. At certain seasons all the people are at work in the lands, and then the attendance is scanty. Class-work is done in the morning, not in the evening, when we never bring our people out if possible. Thus on Wednesday mornings there was a confirmation class, on Thursdays a catechumen class, and Friday a communicant's class. In summer we were generally out of Church from 6 to 6.30 A.M., and breakfast followed almost immediately.

At nine came Kaffir school, in which I usually taught for an hour: first catechising, and then giving instruction in English reading and writing. During the rest of the day the time was taken up in various ways, in addition to teaching the European boarders. Sometimes there would be a succession of native visitors—Pondomisi to hear the news, to sell fowls or sheep (for, in the absence of butchers, we buy by the animal, not by the joint or the pound), to apply for work, or to ask for medicine (the native's fondness for medicine is extraordinary); Fingoes to ask for books,

preachers or teachers to report. On other days there would be preachers' meetings to be held, or "cases" to be "talked;" people on the station to be visited; applicants to be instructed in the nature and meaning of the Church. So the day sped by quickly until evensong at sunset, with intercessions for the Kaffrarian Church on Mondays, and a sermon on Wednesdays, after which the catechist used to come in for his daily reading and instruction. By nine o'clock, when compline was said in English with the white boys, the thought of bed was not unwelcome.

One Sunday in the month was spent at home. After a time a new order of services was adopted. Matins was put first, at seven in summer, followed immediately by celebration and sermon. From this we were generally out at 9.30, when the class of catechumens and confirmands was taken. After this there was nothing more until a children's service at three, followed in its turn by evensong at four, without sermon. All the services were choral.

The objects aimed at in this new scheme of hours, were to make the celebration the great service of the day, and, without duplicating, to enable the people to communicate fasting, and also not to lose matins; and besides all this, to avoid the great heat of the day, which was found intolerable under the corrugated iron roof of the Church which was shortly built.

It must be remembered that the foregoing sketch represents only one side of the work, the home-work. Into this must be woven the out-work, recurring always every week, and lasting sometimes for seven days together, which was indicated in the last chapter.

Domestic arrangements were at first, before the three boys came up and I was fairly settled, somewhat of a trouble. A Pondo boy named Buje had attached himself to me in some of my rides in Pondoland, while I was living at Umtata, and when he applied to me for work, and his father gave his consent, I resolved to have him for my first

servant boy at Ncolosi. He joined me on January 9, at a store in Pondoland, where I had been staying with some old friends, coming, of course, in the one blanket which formed his whole stock of clothing. I had taken the precaution of providing myself with hat, shirt, and trousers for him, and offsaddled on the road at a convenient spot, and there initiated him into the mysteries of European costume, so that I might not offend the susceptibilities of our Christian people at Ncolosi. It was only to be expected that he should be a wild boy, quite unaccustomed to our ways, so that I was not at all astonished to find him diligently weeding the path on Sunday afternoon (the only time when I ever knew him voluntarily set himself to work), though I confess I was a little startled to see him one afternoon, when he was riding with me, rush off with a whoop to frighten away some little boys who were playing harmlessly by the roadside. But the climax was reached one day when, with a friend who was staying with me, I chanced to go into the kitchen, where Buje was supposed to be washing up, and found him scrupulously licking the plates clean!

Our connection did not last very long, and I cannot say I wonder at it, for he must have found it frightfully dull during the short time that he was with me. Very soon he asked for leave to go home for a little while, saying that he was wanted there to scare the birds from the crops, presuming, and that successfully, upon my ignorance of Kaffir seasons. As I was going to Umtata on January 20, I told him that I would take him so far myself, and that he should have leave to remain at home as long as he was wanted, and then return to me. On our ride down I chanced to notice that he was wearing *both* the shirts that I had given him, so that I was not much astonished to find the next day that he departed without saying good-bye, and to this day has never been seen again by me.

My next boy was Stephen Nomlala, a Christian from

Umjika. His stay was even shorter than Buje's, for he came on January 28, and departed again on February 2. The cause of our separation was that I insisted on his going to Church. This he refused to do ; and as I was firm on the point, he started off the same afternoon (it was Sunday) for his home, taking with him the blanket that I had lent him five days before. Happily this time, having learnt wisdom by the Buje incident, I was on the look-out, recovered the blanket, and thought myself well rid of the boy.

The following day I engaged an excellent Kaffir house-keeper, a communicant of our Church, who lived on the mission, and had been previously trained by Mrs. Callaway and Mrs. Johnston at Umtata. She came in the very nick of time, as the three white boys arrived the same day. Sarai (pronounced by the natives Seraiah) remained with me until October 1887, when she left to marry the Rev. E. Jwasa, and I do not wish ever to have a better servant. No white housekeeper could better have managed the household than she did.

The culinary department was thus provided for, and a housemaid was not required, as every one was responsible for his own room ; but a boy or man for outdoor work was still needed. During the next year and a half, I had, I believe, two heathen Pandomisi and one renegade Christian, who had been baptized in infancy, brought up among the heathen, and married three wives. One of the former I dismissed for disobedience, and one gave notice himself because he was punished for carelessness. The third was detected stealing, and was sent away. I relate all this in full, because it is commonly averred that heathen servants are so good and Christian ones so bad. The only adult Christian (not under Church censure) that I have had full experience of was Sarai, who left nothing to be desired, and my experience of heathen servants so far was not very encouraging.

On June 10, 1885, I sallied out, determined to secure a

new servant boy. The method I adopted was to walk some three miles, then sit down upon the veldt, and in the intervals of reading the *Phædo* study the faces of such Pondo-misi boys as might pass of a suitable age. Presently one came by with a pleasant look, and when, after a little conversation with him, I found that he was ready for work, I clinched the bargain with him, and hired him. Keta, as his name was, was a funny little fellow in those days, quite uncivilised, with a diminutive shred of a red blanket hanging round him, which must have been quite insufficient to keep him warm on a winter's night. I cannot say that he is otherwise than very slow and stupid, but this is little when set against his many excellent qualities, for he is truthful, honest, loyal, and of an absolutely imperturbable good nature. He has never asked for a rise of wages, and never complained, even when he had great provocation to do so. I recollect well how, one evening about sunset, he came to report that one of the horses was missing. As the horse had only just been bought, I felt rather anxious about it, and told him to go and look for it again, and not come back till he found it. At eight o'clock the horse was brought in by some of the station boys, having been found at one of the kraals on the mission, but there were no signs of Keta; and though I waited up till ten, keeping up a good fire in the kitchen, for it was a wet night, and I thought he would return soaked and chilled, he had not put in an appearance when I went to bed.

About eleven the next morning Keta was seen walking in, and the first thing he descried on nearing the parsonage was the missing horse! He had gone to a place fifteen or sixteen miles away to look for it, had slept on the veldt in spite of the drizzle, and all his trouble and discomfort had been thrown away. And yet for all that he turned up smiling, and seemed to think it an excellent joke. This imperturbability and kindness of temper may have been in some degree inherited. His mother on one occasion

had provided me with some grass for thatching, value, I think, about eight shillings, and in due course came for the money. It so happened that I possessed at that time about one shilling, which clearly was not enough, so I was obliged to send out a message by Keta to express my great regret at being unable to pay her that day, and to promise that she should have the money as soon as I could get it. In a few minutes Keta came back with the words, "*She gives you the grass, and asks if you can lend her threepence?*" Needless to say that the shilling was shared with her without any lending.

When I was in England in 1886-7, shortly before my return I sent word to Keta that I was coming back again, and should be glad to have him once more. When I reached Ncolosi, he at once reappeared and fell into his old place. A Dutchman had, he told me, offered him work at far higher wages, but he had refused because "*his white-man was coming back.*" He is now, thank God, baptized, and bears the name of Percy, and before long will, I hope, be confirmed and a communicant. For some time he has combined schooling with work, being in school from nine to one, and will, I trust, next year be drafted on to Umtata. After Sarai left in 1887, we managed without a house-keeper, such work as we could not do ourselves being done by Percy and a second boy, who was changed once or twice, until in October 1889 we settled down with Zityini, who came first as a servant, and then as a boarder-servant, and who is now a catechumen.

In pursuance of this subject I have travelled far beyond the date of which I had been speaking. To return to the years 1884-5, work other than that which I have briefly described above often entered into our daily routine. It is a commonplace of a missionary's work that he has to be a jack of all trades ; and so, chiefly with the view of saving expense, the three boys and I tried our hand with more or less success at brickmaking, building, and fencing. Our

erections were none of them very remarkable for beauty or symmetry; but the stable which we put up, the cross-wall and the chimney that we built, and the fencing round the garden, a great deal of which was done by us, are all standing still, which is a source of no little satisfaction.

Occasionally the even tenor of our life would be disturbed by an alarm of fire. In Kaffraria the grass is not utilised for hay, but is burnt off yearly, the ash making an excellent manure, so that, when the rain comes, the black burnt wastes are soon clothed with verdure. Where the burning is conducted under careful supervision there is little danger, unless a strong wind suddenly springs up; but sometimes the grass would be kindled far away, in carelessness or wantonness, and after it had burnt, perhaps, for a day, the fire would suddenly swoop down upon the mission, and then all the able-bodied men and boys had to be called out to extinguish it by beating it out with boughs or empty sacks steeped in water. One such occasion I recall in particular, on June 10, 1885. I had been out in the afternoon visiting some Pondomisi, and on my return home a little before evening was interviewed by the catechist, who reported that he and all the men had been hard at work all day trying to put out a fire which had come down over the hills, and had been unable to stop it, and that he thought nothing more could be done: the men were lying down on the grass exhausted. I sent him to rest for a little time, while I said evensong, and had a hurried tea, and then the boys and myself joined the natives, and made a fresh effort to save the mission buildings and kraals. After a very hard three hours' work, from 5.30 to 8.30, we were, by God's help, successful; but it was touch and go as far as one kraal was concerned, and if it had not been for a supply of water which there happened to be there, and which the women poured out on the fire and the grass, I think that it could not have been stopped. I measured

the distance afterwards, and found that the fire had come within five yards of one of the huts.

The constant rides, also, were not always without their misadventures. There is a footpath, very narrow and broken, running up the hills behind S. Augustine's to the higher level of the Maclear country. Even in dry weather the path requires care, and it is necessary to lead the horse and not attempt to ride; in wet weather, when the grass and soil are slippery, it is positively dangerous. Coming home once from the upper country, I had started on this path before I knew that there had been so much rain, as I soon saw there evidently must have been.^{as} To turn back was impossible; the path was far too narrow and far too slippery. Both the horse and I proceeded very cautiously down the descent until we reached a place where the path slightly divided for a short distance: as the right-hand path ran directly over a krantz of some twenty feet, I chose the upper one. No sooner had we got our feet upon it than I saw my mistake; we commenced almost at once to slip, and continued slipping slowly down over the whole space which intervened between the two paths. All I could do, while praying in my heart, was to tighten my grasp upon the bridle, and set my feet as firmly as possible. The prayer was heard, for just on the edge of the krantz, where it seemed impossible to stop, the horse and his master were brought up.

Sometimes the accident would be of a very ludicrous nature. The horse that I was riding during one of my journeys had a girth-gall, so that to avoid chafing the sore I put the girth round the horse's neck. It so happened that there was no crupper on the saddle, which was therefore kept in its place really only by my own weight. In going down a hill I recollected this, and sat very firmly in the saddle; but when we got to the bottom, and into a little stream which ran across the road, I forgot all about the girth, and let the horse put down his head to drink.

In a moment I found myself sitting in the middle of the stream, still in the saddle, my feet in the stirrups, looking up in the horse's face. I must have turned a complete somersault in the air. It will be long before I forget the look of astonishment which my horse turned upon me for a few seconds, until he evidently came to the conclusion that this was only one of the Englishman's eccentricities, and resumed his drinking. My laughter was so hearty that it was some time before I could get out of the water, my one regret being that there had been no one with me to see the whole episode.

From time to time the Bishop came up to confirm at the different stations. His Lordship's visit was always made the occasion of a great function, and we were usually joined by several of the preachers at the various out-stations where the confirmations were held, the service beginning and ending with a procession, which was sometimes headed with a cross and banners. Our custom is to have the confirmation early in the morning, and not unfrequently to combine it with a celebration, inserting the special service, as far as the actual confirmation, after the gospel, and the final prayers being introduced before the blessing. In 1884 there were 45 persons confirmed in the parish, and in 1885 92; the total number of Christians in the whole parish, including infants, being in the former year 697, in the latter 784.

Every quarter, all the Church workers from the different stations in the parish were gathered together, hospitality being provided for them by the missionary. They arrived on the Friday evening, and the proceedings commenced on the following day with a celebration of the Holy Communion and a special address for Church workers. After breakfast, a meeting, commonly lasting three or four hours, was held, at which reports were made, questions asked, instructions given, and subjects discussed, either of our own initiation, or referred to the various parishes by the

Bishop. These meetings, which have, I believe, been brought to a considerable pitch of perfection in the older parishes in Tembuland and the Transkei, were found to be most useful.

Umditshwa, the paramount chief of this section of the Pandomisi tribe, had, as was previously related, been imprisoned on account of the war of 1880. His term of incarceration had nearly a year still to run in January 1884, for the sentence passed had been three years' imprisonment, without labour, from November 1881. His great son, *i.e.*, the eldest son, not of the first wife, but of the great wife, who is selected by the tribe for the chief to marry, was at this time (1884) about fourteen years old. I very soon made the acquaintance of Mtshazi (for that was his name), and he used frequently to come to see me at Ncolosi. He and his sister, Nozici, were the only children of the great wife, Nogqili, daughter of the well-known Gcaleka chief, Sarili (Kreli). Umditshwa had many other sons by older wives, Zembe and Xomfana, who were both in hiding after the late war, Goniwe, who had been imprisoned also for his participation in it, and others.

In the end of this year the Pandomisi became a good deal excited about the return of Umditshwa, when he would arrive, how he would come, &c., and during November and December Goniwe and Mtshazi in particular often called to see me on the subject. On January 1, 1885, news came that the chief was really on his way up, and the next day both Mtshazi and Goniwe came separately to have a talk with me about it. On the 3rd, as I was dressing about 5.15 A.M., I was surprised by a knocking at my door; and, looking out, found these two again, who this time had come to report that Umditshwa had arrived the night before, and to ask for some coffee and sugar for him.

The very interesting episode of his return, and his relations to the mission, must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

EXTENSION OF WORK FROM NCOLOSI.

BEFORE I attempt to give some account of Umditshwa's return, and its effects upon the mission, which belong properly to the years 1885-6, it will be more in accordance with chronological order to sketch the gradual extension and development of work which began with 1884. I confine myself, of course, to the growth which belonged to this particular district, because that is all that falls into the sphere of my own experiences; but it must be borne in mind that a similar development was (as it is still) going on all over the whole diocese, and that in those parishes which were fortunate enough to possess missionaries more accustomed to the people and the language, it would naturally be on a far larger scale.

A visible sign of both growth and consolidation is generally to be found in the erection of buildings. It will be remembered that, in this respect, almost everything had still to be done at the beginning of 1884. The chief object at first was to provide a suitable building at the central station, *i.e.*, at Ncolosi itself, to serve in the immediate present as a Church, and possibly in the future (if the work developed so as to authorise the building of a stone Church, an ideal to which we still look forward) to be turned into a good boarding-school. A building of burnt brick was soon planned and set in hand, and the walls were running up briskly, when there came upon us an altogether unprecedented spell of rain and wind, for the time of year. Unfortunately the part of the building which was then in

hand was going up under an old roof. The incessant drip from this, and the constant gales, catching the work at a very critical time, proved too much for it. Part came down, and the rest we pulled down, in order to recommence entirely afresh. Eventually the Church was completed by September 6, and was opened on the following day by Bishop Key, the service used being that for a dedication, not a consecration. The service was held at half-past eight, and was combined with a choral celebration and sermon, between sixty and seventy communicating, and all the few white people in the neighbourhood being present, in spite of the early hour. It was a very great relief to exchange our little hut, into which forty people could with difficulty be crowded, for a building capable of holding, at a pinch, two hundred; but it was a mistake to roof with corrugated iron, the heat in summer being very great. The nave of the Church is 40 feet by 30, the sanctuary 14 by 12, below which is a small choir with boarded floor, raised above the nave, the floor of which is the ordinary mud floor, made with ant-heap, and smeared with dung; while at the west end a small vestry is curtained off. The pitched roof is supported on two rows of strong wooden supports, which take the place of more elaborate pillars, and the whole of the interior is well furnished and reverently arranged, not only the altar, but also the old stone font from S. Augustine's, finding a place there. All the carpentering work was done by a native carpenter resident on the mission.

After a Church had been provided, we were at leisure to think of ourselves. The S.P.G., by which the diocese is so largely supported, had very kindly made a special vote of £100 each to the missions of S. Augustine's and All Saints, to help towards replacing the parsonages destroyed in the war. With the aid of this money, without which the undertaking would have been impossible, four brick rooms were added to the wattle-and-daub house built by

the late missionary, and the kitchen and old and new houses were all consolidated together.

The Church having being named after S. Cuthbert, the mission will be henceforward so styled in this book.

Both Church and parsonage were completed by the end of 1884. In the following year a wattle-and-daub house, with thatched roof, containing two rooms, was built at the back of the parsonage for the Pandomisi boarders.

The glebe-lands were also fenced in with wire to a large extent in the former of these two years.

As soon as the Mbokotwana people were settled down again in their old homes, a school-chapel was erected there. This was commenced in 1884, and completed the following year, the people cutting and transporting the wattles and poles, and building the wattle-and-daub, while the iron and carpenter's work were supplied by parochial funds. As a general rule, the erection of native schools and chapels is, as far as possible, left to the people themselves, who are always ready to give the labour and supply such material as can be obtained by personal service, without the outlay of actual money, which is usually very scarce, such as there is being swallowed up by hut-tax, school-fees, &c. The S.P.C.K. also, the missionary agency of which is not as much recognised as it should be, is very ready and generous in giving grants for this object.

At Umjika in 1884 the people put up a good-sized wattle-and-daub building, with thatched roof, as a school; and were engaged on another for a Church when, in February 1885, the station was transferred to the parish of Umtata.

It is, however, of more interest to note the real extension of work, and to see how fresh ground was continually being occupied. The account of this development, and commencement of new operations in entirely fresh places, will make it clear why there is often such a want of continuity in mission work; why stations lie so far apart, why consolidation and organisation is sometimes sacrificed to extension.

It is not that we wish to go so far afield from our base of operations that we deliberately pick out places twenty or thirty miles apart: it is rather that we have no option in the matter, but are bound to go where God calls us.

It was, I believe, in March 1884, that, as P. M. Lokwe, the native catechist, and Z. Maya, the carpenter, were riding back from the magistrate's office, they fell in with Samuel Nombewu, a chief of the Zizi Fingoes, who lives at Gqaqala, on the hills some twenty-one miles from S. Cuthbert's. As Maya was related to the chief, they began to converse together, when the latter put the question, How is it that you keep the Word of God selfishly to yourselves? Lokwe and Maya indignantly denied this, pointing out that preachers went out every Sunday to the heathen Pandomisi, and that every station became a similar centre for evangelisation. The reason of Nombewu's bitterness soon appeared. He stated that for three years he had been appealing to the religious society to which he belonged for spiritual aid, but all in vain; till at last, in despair, he had fixed a limit of time, after which, if he met with no more response, he would apply to the Church. It was just at this period that he met with our two men. When the position of affairs had clearly been explained, we replied that if, after the expiration of the period named, he applied to us, we would see what we could do. The term came and passed, and the chief's appeal remaining disregarded, it fell to us to try and come to his assistance. It is probable that the denomination to which Nombewu belonged may not have cared to undertake work at such a distance from their nearest white missionary (for they had none within reach), or that they were prevented from doing so by want of funds or men.

When I paid him my first visit, I was much struck by all that I heard and saw. All this time the chief had been holding services himself, morning and evening; and on this very occasion, it seemed a good augury for the future

to see him standing on an ant-hill striking together the two pieces of iron which served here, as they have to do in many of our stations, as the primitive substitute for a bell. Our conversation was most interesting. Nombewu spoke with much feeling of the fact that he was the only one of the royal blood of the Zizis who was a Christian; he begged that his position as chief might not hinder his being rebuked when he neglected his duty as a servant of God; he urged strongly, again and again, that a white missionary should be sent to him; and he promised to give us glebe-land—a promise which was afterwards duly carried out.

A resident preacher was first sent up, and then a teacher; and afterwards the Rev. E. Jwara, from Umjika, was moved there. A number of adults were in due course baptized, and among those confirmed were the chief, and his mother, wife, and daughter. At Mbidhlana, the mother's residence, some seven miles distant from Gqaqala, a resident preacher was also stationed, whenever funds permitted.

The next place where a new work was begun was at the old station of S. Augustine's. The Fingoes who had been brought down from the Maclear district and settled in this neighbourhood were under a man of the name of Thomas Ntaba, himself a heathen; but not a few of his people were Wesleyans, and others again Presbyterians. Naturally, and rightly, the preachers of these denominations followed up, and continued to minister to their own flocks: we, also, having, as previously related, the two Christian Pondomisi families of our communion living close to the old Church, used to send a preacher over every Sunday from S. Cuthbert's to conduct service in our own building.

It was very sad to see Christianity being thus presented to the sight of the heathen in three different (almost in three rival) ways; but here it was a simply unavoidable result of "our unhappy divisions." As far as I know, there was no proselytising, or bidding of one against the

other; nor was there any mission or school belonging to any one of the three communions. At the same time, there was, I believe, considerable speculation as to which was the form of worship that the headman would, as it were, "establish" and accept for his location. Towards the end of 1884 there was an outbreak of small-pox in the district, and several persons in Ntaba's neighbourhood fell sick. At this time there was no other white missionary in the magisterial district of Tsolo except myself, for the new Presbyterian mission was temporarily occupied by a native. Whether it was owing to the greater respect felt for a white man, or owing to other reasons which were both at that time and afterwards alleged, I do not know; but it is a fact that Ntaba, whom I had never (as far as I recollect) seen up to that date, asked me to go and visit the patients, who had been isolated in a cave some three miles from his kraal, as he could get no one to visit them, and did not know whether they really had small-pox or not. There was, of course, no disregarding such a message as this: so on November 6, 1884, I rode over with Rütters, and found that two persons had died from the disease, and that two others were ill with it. These latter were waited on by a third who had been told off for that duty. After talking and praying with them, and giving them such advice and help as we could, we reported the result of our interview to Ntaba.

It is not improbable that the headman had applied for our assistance in this matter because he had—as I was always told—been a good deal struck by the fact that, at this time of a general scare, our preacher continued every Sunday to come over from S. Cuthbert's to S. Augustine's and hold service. It was always said that this was one main factor in the decision which he arrived at early in the next year, for on February 27, 1885, he came over with some councillors to see me, and announced that he and his people wished to accept the Church as the religious

communion for their location. But there were no doubt, as was also freely stated at the time, other reasons for this choice; for, according to the Wesleyan rules, Christian women are forbidden to make Kaffir beer for their husbands—a piece of discipline which does not obtain in our Church. At the same time the headman earnestly desired that no other denomination might work in his location, and was very anxious to drive all other Christians to worship outside his boundaries; and it was with great difficulty—after the reiterated pointing out how hard and how wrong it would be to forbid them the use of their own forms of worship—that he was at last induced to forego any interference of this nature.

This action of the headman did not at all mean that he wished to become a Christian himself. He was and is a heathen and a polygamist.

As a sequel to this, the old Church was restored and a school was started.

Hitherto the extension of work which has been noticed was confined to the district of Tsolo. The next place of which I have to speak falls within the magistracy of Qumbu, between the rivers Tsitsa and Tina, and is the more interesting because it is close to the site of Umhlonhlo's old Great Place, on the Qanqu stream.

At the beginning of 1885 I learnt from the Bishop that there were some Christians from the parish of S. Mark's who had made their way up to the Qanqu and settled down there; and, at his Lordship's request, I made my way there on January 14, and communicated them on the following morning. In after visits I learnt more about them, and found that they had a little school of their own, with a teacher paid by themselves. As services had to be held in one of the huts belonging to the principal family among them, Dunga, it seemed to me a very reasonable request on their part that the chief and headman of that location, Mtengwane, should be asked to allow them to erect for

themselves a small chapel. I accordingly arranged to meet Mtengwane on July 14 of that year, at a trader's house near the well-known Ncoti bush.

To my surprise, I learnt on my arrival that the chief had called a large meeting of his people. When I had stated the nature of my request, which was simply that our Church people at Qanqu should be allowed to put up a chapel, I asked the reason of his having summoned such a number of his people. I then was told by the chief, much to my astonishment, that he wanted to have a Church mission in his location. He then and there gave me a very extensive tract of land, between the spot where we were standing and the Ncoti, for mission purposes, and asked me to send him a white missionary or teacher. This wholly unexpected and spontaneous act caused me much delight, and I accepted at once this deed of gift which had thus been publicly made. There were, however, many other preliminaries to be settled. It was necessary to learn what were to be the rules under which the land was to be administered; how many children would attend school; what amount could be raised locally for the support of the Church workers; and as Mtengwane was unable to reply to these questions on the spot, August 5 was fixed for a supplementary meeting, to complete the arrangements.

In the succeeding weeks we learnt that the mission land was occupied in a great measure by Wesleyans, who very naturally objected to the intrusion of a Church mission. They pointed out that they were massed at the Ncoti, and had no people at Qanqu; whereas we had no people at the Ncoti, and had all our members at Qanqu; so that their request seemed very reasonable that we should take up our position at the latter place, and not at the former. This was represented to the chief, who at last, with much reluctance, consented to take back his gift at the Ncoti, and in lieu of it assigned a site for mission purposes at Qanqu. This promised to suit all parties; and a white catechist

was shortly afterwards sent up to take charge. This was the recommencement of Church operations in a district where formerly Bishop Key, as Pandomisi missionary, had been working, assisted by the Rev. S. Adonis Bangela.

These were the three main points where work was extended in the period between January 1884 and March 1886, among natives, in the parish of S. Augustine's. There were other places where, at one time, there were hopeful prospects, which afterwards came to nothing. In the Pandomisi location, Umdunyelwa, living between S. Cuthbert's and Gqaqala, was very anxious for a school; but some of his people were much averse to it, and the design had to be abandoned for the present. On the hills above a little colony of Christians from S. Mark's had established itself in Bikwe's location. It was at one time hoped that, through these people, a school might be started there; but the chief was frightened at the thought of the school-fees, the payment of which is a *sine quâ non* for the obtaining of a Government grant, and so the scheme fell through, the Christian community remaining as a sub-station, which has developed since that time, and where much good work is going on. At the back of Kambi, an application came from a headman named Ngalonkulu, in whose location services were held every Sunday by a preacher from Umjika; but nothing definite had resulted by the time when that station was handed over to Umtata.

The Umjika disturbances were illustrative of a phase of trouble which is by no means infrequent—jealousy between the headman and the representative of the Church. The former, as an official of the Government, and often also a hereditary chief, is rightly to be respected, and has, in secular matters, a good deal of authority; but very frequently he oversteps the bounds of this, and wishes to control Church matters which lie entirely without his sphere. I have known a heathen headman seriously remonstrate with a missionary priest on his delaying to baptize some

catechumens who were not yet ready for the administration of that sacrament! In the case of Umjika the trouble was really this: that the headman, in defiance of the missionary, erected a Church, not in the place which had been pointed out, *i.e.*, on the mission station among the Christians, but some two or three miles away, far from the old Church people, but considerably nearer his own kraal. When I refused to accept and sanction this, the headman adopted retaliatory measures by persecuting (as they alleged) the Umjika Christians in the matter of mealie-gardens, which it is the headman's business to distribute. The breach between myself and Ngudhle, himself a professing Churchman, grew so wide, that the offer of the Rev. W. M. Cameron at Umtata to take over the station, and work it by his theological students, for whom he was desiring some outside work of this nature, was hailed as a happy solution by both parties. This transference was effected at the beginning of 1885, and so the work which was being considerably extended on the other side was, in this direction, curtailed.

Turning to the white department of the work, a similar development was visible. In 1884 the Europeans of the Maclear district raised a guarantee list of £130 a year, and applied to the Bishop for a resident priest of our Church, if possible, a university man. The application was at once forwarded to England, but *all efforts to obtain a suitable man proved ineffectual!* What a comment upon our system! It was not until 1889 that Maclear was occupied by a resident clergyman, and by that date most of the old guarantors had moved away. In 1885, four white people were confirmed at Maclear (all ex-Wesleyans), and three at Ugie. The Bishop's visit to the latter place was most interesting, as service according to the use of the Church of England had never, I believe, been held there before. At both the confirmation and at evensong the little school-room was full, almost all the resident Wesleyans being

present, and not a few Church people having come in from the country. At the celebration on the following morning eleven people communicated.

In the early part of 1886 a service was held for the farmers near the Umga, in this same district of Maclear. This was eventually to lead to the supplying of regular services to this neighbourhood.

At Qumbu, quarterly services were held in 1884, whenever there were five Sundays in the month, and in the following year there was in addition to the four Sunday services one held on a week-night, which was also well attended. I recollect the indignation of the people because there was no offertory on that evening—a healthy sign, surely, where people are ready and desirous to give. There were some fifty Cape Infantry or Cape Mounted Riflemen stationed here, the usual magisterial staff, and traders and other civilians. At none of these little hamlets, Tsolo, Qumbu, Maclear, Ugie, Mount Fletcher, were there any churches or places of worship for white people; and it was not until the latter portion of this period, or a still later date, that English services were held at any of them by any other Christian denomination. Now (in 1890) Wesleyan services are regularly held at Maclear and Ugie by a Wesleyan minister resident in the former place; Presbyterian services are supplied to Qumbu and Mount Fletcher by a U.P. minister who lives in the Qumbu district; while the Free Kirk minister of old Tsolo, in his Kaffir services given at new Tsolo, preaches in English for the benefit of the white people. But all this is a new development.

The magistrates of the different residencies were always most ready to lend their court-houses for services. Several of them held lay services themselves, when none was provided by a minister; and others used to help in the regular services by reading the lessons. For music, we had at first to do the best we could (until harmoniums were purchased

by subscription of the people for some of these centres), borrowing any stray piano or harmonium that its owner was willing to lend, or else taking the musical part of the service without accompaniment. On one occasion this led to a somewhat comic incident. At matins, chants and hymns had been sung without an instrument. Some of the congregation had apparently felt this to be rather bald, and one of the soldiers asked permission to bring his concertina for the evening, in order to provide what had been lacking in the morning. As he stated that he was quite accustomed to sacred music, permission was readily granted; and a list of the hymns was given him, the first of which was the well-known "Thy will be done." At the conclusion of the first lesson, to the dismay of the missionary who was conducting the service, the concertina (instead of playing a chant for the Magnificat) struck up this tune, and people began to sing. Some, as far as could be made out, sang the words of the hymn; the officiating clergyman himself tried in vain through one verse to set the words of the canticle to the hymn tune! and at last, in despair, had to step off the platform and stop the music, beginning again *de novo* without the aid of the concertina, which was then allowed to remain in abeyance until the hymns were reached, when it proved of much service.

The villages hitherto mentioned might all be fairly considered to fall within the parish of S. Augustine's, as there was no clergyman of our Church anywhere between S. Cuthbert's and Kokstad in those days, as was previously stated. At the beginning of 1885, however, a visit was paid to another hamlet which lay quite out of the beat of the S. Augustine's workers. Matatiela lies nearly 100 miles distant, to the north-east, not far from the Drakensberg. Before the war, the Rev. C. D. Tonkin had had a mission here among the Basutos; and one of the Bloemfontein clergy, Canon Balfour, having written to us about these people, whom he had, I believe, visited soon after the

war, it seemed right to take a journey up there, and try and look them up.

I went up by Mbokotwana and Qumbu (whence I rode down to the Tina Drift, to visit some native members of the Church, returning again to Qumbu); on to Qanqu, for my first visit there; and on January 15 slept at a hospitable store at Buffalo Neck. As the country was entirely new to me, and I was travelling alone, and had a long day before me, I made an early start the next morning, being in the saddle, after the usual early coffee, by 6.15. After a short offsaddle on the veldt, I reached a native Moravian mission station about 10 A.M. Here I remained for two hours and a half, the native pastor's wife supplying me with a breakfast of tea, omelet, and fruit. Before going on again I hired a guide to conduct me. Unfortunately my one horse was too heavily loaded, as, in addition to myself, he was carrying a very large pair of saddle-bags, so that it was no matter for wonder that after going up one mountain, down it the other side, and up another, he should have given in. After a short rest we proceeded slowly, until at 5.30 I sent my guide back, hearing from him that Matatiela was now quite close. Unhappily all language is relative, a fact which I quite forgot, and suffered for my rash action. Thinking I had now only about a mile to go, I offsaddled for an hour, hoping to be in by seven o'clock; but at 7.45 I was still on the mountain-top looking for the village, and by this time it was so dark that it was unsafe to go farther. The horse and myself were equally unfortunate: I could find him grass but no water, while my own stock of food consisted only of a little wine and a few peaches. However, we were neither of us the worse for our night out. Careful reconnoitring the following morning, and listening to the sound of the cocks crowing, showed me where Matatiela was; and a three-quarter of an hour's gentle ride brought me there by 6 A.M., to become the guest of the ever-hospitable Captain and Mrs. Waring.

A two days' stay was quite sufficient to show that there was much work to be done in the neighbourhood, both among the white residents of the village, and the Basutos living at Ramhlokoana's, a few miles off, and this visit was eventually to lead to the placing of a clergyman at Matatiela.

Owing to the mutual proximity of the two missions of All Saints and S. Alban's in Tembuland, each of which had a resident priest, it seemed as if it might be possible to amalgamate the two, and so save a clergyman who might be transferred to Matatiela. With this object in view, the Bishop decided at the beginning of the following year to pay a visit to Matatiela, taking with him the Rev. T. W. Green, of All Saints, and myself.

The journey was full of interest. At Mount Frere, a village in (ecclesiastically) no man's land, we had a celebration on the Friday morning in the hut which served as an office, with a short sermonette from the Bishop, when nine white people communicated, almost all men. After we had crossed the Umzimvubu river, and were climbing slowly up the hill of which I had such vivid recollections in my post-cart experiences of 1882, we heard shots, and pressing forward to see what was the matter, descried men on either side running out from their kraals with guns and assegais, but no one seemed exactly to know what the disturbance was. When we were on the top of the higher ground, we learnt that a fight was going on between the Fingoes on the Rode mission station, under Nota, and the Pondos. We passed through both the contending armies in succession, and stopped to have a little chat with each in turn, as it was interesting to hear the different version of either side. In the centre of what may be termed, by a very vigorous stretch of imagination, the battle-field, we found a store, the owner of which was looking on at the combatants with much complacency. When asked if he did not find his situation a little awkward, he replied that if at times they

came too near, he went out and politely suggested that they might as well move a little further off again—a suggestion with which, apparently, they were quite ready to comply. On this particular day, as we learnt afterwards, they fought the whole day, and two men were killed! The small mortality is hardly to be wondered at, as the two armies were generally more than a mile apart!

After five days spent in Kokstad, where the improvement in Church affairs since my previous visit was very noticeable, we left on the afternoon of January 14 for Matatiela, sleeping that night at Cedarville, just beyond the Umzimvubu river. The journey from that place to Matatiela, some seventeen miles, is remarkable for its extreme flatness; mirages are also frequently to be seen. After wet weather the road is in places terribly muddy; in fact on these flats there are not a few bogs which are very dangerous. I recollect my horse once sinking in so far, in another locality, that he was unable to extricate himself, until I jumped off, and by our united mutual exertions we got back again to *terra firma*. Let the unwary traveller also beware of the mosquitoes on the Umzimvubu flats. *En revanche*, the views of the mountains beyond Matatiela are very fine.

We were welcomed with the greatest hospitality by the magistrate and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Simpson), and my old friends Captain and Mrs. Waring, the Captain being still in command of the C.M.R. stationed here. The period of our visit was by no means an idle one. My diary records meetings between the Bishop and two native chiefs, Sibi and Ramhlokoana, on the 15th (the same day that we arrived), and a succession of pastoral visits, and baptism, on the 16th. The following day, which was Sunday, was very full. We began with a celebration at 7.30, with seven communicants. At eleven, matins, litany, and sermon from the Bishop, were followed by a meeting to discuss the question of a resident clergyman. After lunch, we

were all driven over to Cedarville, where evensong was said at 3.40, with a second sermon from the Bishop, and this was succeeded by a second meeting among the farmers of this neighbourhood to discuss the same question. While this was in progress there was a baptism in another room. A few minutes before eight we were back again in Matatiela, where we had our final service of evensong and sermon at 8.15.

On the Monday morning, by special request, the Bishop consecrated the cemetery at 7.30; and later on his Lordship had a meeting with another native headman named Nyaniso; so that, when we left early on Tuesday, we could feel that the time had not been wasted.

As is generally the case when there are two villages of nearly the same size in one magisterial district, there was a good deal of rivalry between Matatiela and Cedarville as to which should become the home of the resident clergyman. To an unprejudiced outside observer there could be no question that Matatiela, on every ground, was the right place. It was larger, more central, the seat of the magistracy, and tenanted by English, whereas the farmers in the Cedarville neighbourhood were mainly Dutch; but the decision of the Bishop, as was necessarily to be expected, did not meet with the approval of the Cedarville people. The difficulties of work abroad are much increased by the prevalent, and not unnatural, desire of every community to have the lion's share of such spiritual privileges as there are to be bestowed; but where clergy are so very few, and the souls to be ministered to are so many in proportion, some must unavoidably suffer, and "the greatest good of the greatest number" has to be considered.

CHAPTER VII.

UMDITSHWA AND THE PONDOMISI BOARDING-SCHOOL.

It has been previously related that Umditshwa arrived at his home on the night of January 2, 1885. It must be presumed that his journey had been accomplished more quickly than was expected, for it is a fact that he reached Pondomisiland before any instructions had been received by the local authorities of the Government as to his position and the way in which he was to be treated—an unfortunate delay, which was within an ace of leading to the most serious complications when Umditshwa presented himself, as he very promptly did, at the office. Temporarily the district was in a very unsettled state; so much so that the station people were on the following day seriously expecting a fresh war; and one of the leading men at S. Cuthbert's came to me for a long talk on that Sunday afternoon (4th), to consult as to what was to be done if hostilities broke out.

On the Monday I had gone out for a stroll up the valley leading towards Umtata, when, at a distance of some three miles from home, I heard the sound of horses coming rapidly behind me, and looking back, saw Goniwe galloping towards me, leading a spare horse. It appeared that Umditshwa was at S. Cuthbert's, and had sent his son to bring me back to see him.

My first interview with the chief left an impression which no subsequent meeting ever effaced—an impression of a man who, however deep and wily he may have been,

was every inch a chief and a gentleman; one of polished manners which would not be, perhaps, surpassed in any European society, although the customs and the etiquette might differ. The friendship, the foundation of which was laid this day, continued unabated until the day of Umditshwa's death.

He came to me now in a state of much perturbation. He maintained that he had been sent back by the Government to his old country *as chief*; that he had been charged to "look after his magistrates, his clergy, his traders;" and he mentioned, in proof of the truth of his story, that he "had kissed the Government's hand" in gratitude. With this idea in his mind he had made his journey home again, having paid the penalty of his former fighting against the Government by his three years' imprisonment; but on his return he found himself a nobody, and his words were not believed. If he had had health and strength he would have returned to Capetown at once to vindicate himself; being unable to do that, he asked me to write to the Government on his behalf, asking for a letter to declare the truth of his statements.

Much is often spoken about the interference of missionaries in politics. For missionaries to interfere and thrust themselves into politics may well be condemned, but I do not myself see that to write a letter at a parishioner's request, and practically at his dictation, on a political subject, is interference in politics, any more than acting as an amanuensis for a parishioner in his private affairs is to thrust oneself into his private matters; nor can I understand how a clergyman, when consulted by any member of his flock about his duties, can fail to give him such advice as he thinks in his conscience to be best; or again, how, if he sees one of those who have been committed to his charge by God embarking in a course which is sure to be injurious, he can refrain from counselling and warning him. The missionary who urges a chief to give

up the practice of smelling out is not accused of meddling in politics; nor would such a charge be brought against him if he recommended an independent chief to hand over his country to the English. For myself, at the risk of being considered to intrude myself into matters outside my province, I did not hesitate to grant Umditshwa's request (although regretting that it had come to me), not only on his account and his people's, but also for the sake of the Government, for if there is one thing that is prejudicial to white rule in South Africa it is the notion that the Government is carried on unjustly, or that pledges are given for a purpose, and not redeemed.

A most civil and courteous reply was sent to me (which I at once communicated to the chief), in which his statements were directly traversed, and it was maintained that he had been distinctly told that he did not go back as chief.

How are these contradictory versions of the same interview to be reconciled? No one would think of doubting the written statement of the Government, nor do I believe that Umditshwa was other than firmly persuaded of the truth of what he alleged. His story, which I heard repeated on three or four occasions, never varied in any of its details; the fact that he "had kissed the Government's hand," on which he laid such stress, was never contradicted; the bold enunciation of his claims at the office on his first arrival, his eager desire to return to Capetown, his request that the Government should be at once written to on the subject—all these are indications that he firmly believed the truth of what he said. If all were known, we might possibly find that much was made of the influence that he would naturally possess among his own people on his return (for to them he would always be chief, whatever he might be in the eye of the law), and that he was exhorted to use that influence on the side of order and the authority of Government, and we might perhaps learn that there had

been misinterpretation, which was really at the root of the misunderstanding. The faulty rendering of one little word would do the mischief. If the words "you are returning to your country" had been spoken, and the possessive was rendered by "lako," not by "lakowenu," it would be implied that the country was his own, not as containing his home, but as being his possession as ruler; that he returned not as a private individual, but as a chief.

It was on January 26 that I made known to Umditshwa the reply which I had received from the Government to his letter. There was nothing for him to do now but to accept the altered position of affairs; to settle down as a private gentleman among the tribe who regarded him as their chief; to try and keep from misusing the influence which he would always possess far more than any one else among them; not to let that influence be too much seen, lest he should be accused of trying to gain a position which the Government had refused him; not to conceal it too much, lest a charge of suspicious secrecy should be preferred against him; to live in the country which he had once ruled, and see it mainly occupied by the hated Fingoes, and possess his soul in patience; to live as a mere subject under the Government which had taken away his authority, and be true and loyal to it. No one can deny that, however much the position may have been inevitable, however much he may have brought it upon himself by the war of 1880, and his inability then to restrain his sons and people, however much it may have been for the welfare of the country, for the man it was most terribly hard.

The very next day Umditshwa gave a tangible proof that he saw the fact that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." On my return from a walk to a neighbouring trader, I found that he and some of his people had come over, and were waiting for me; and in the background I saw a group of five boys, including Mtshazi. Umditshwa's words were very welcome. He had come, he said, to hand

these five boys over to me. "They are not my sons any longer ; they are your sons now. Take them, and do whatever you like with them. Teach them all you know yourself. If they are troublesome, beat them. They are your sons now." Asked further if, in the event of their wishing to adopt Christianity, they might be baptized, he gave his consent.

Thus I became father of a ready-made family of five red Kaffir lads, all aged about fourteen, all quite wild, uncivilised, and heathen.

This could not but be a matter of much rejoicing. For heathen boys who live at heathen homes, day-schools are of little use as a Christianising influence. What is required is the habitual impression of the religious surrounding of a boarding-school. Again, one of the main obstacles to our work among Kaffir tribes has lain in the tribal influence, which has been all against Christianity : with our missions, as with those of mediæval days, the great thing is to have the influence of the chief on the right side, for where the chiefs lead, the people, deeply imbued with the feeling of loyalty and the habit of accepting authority, will not be long in following.

Again, this action on the part of Umditshwa should be a great encouragement to those who mourn over the slowness of missionary work ; for what he did in January 1885 was but the carrying into action of a thought which had been in his mind as far back as 1879. At that time a hut for Mtshazi had actually been built at S. Augustine's, but the unsettlement among the natives caused by the Zulu war, followed in its turn by the Pondomisi war, deterred Umditshwa from carrying out his design. When he sent his sons to me, he did so because he recognised the continuity of mission work, and the undyingness of corporations sole ; he saw in his new missionary the "man who was in U. Key's place ;" and the seed sown by the latter, after lying all these years seemingly lost in the ground, suddenly sprang up at S. Cuthbert's.

At the same time, elastic as colonial houses proverbially are, it is a little embarrassing to have an addition of five boys to one's family without a moment's notice, for the chief was going to leave them then and there! I asked, therefore, for a week's respite, in which to make some preparation for them; and accordingly they were brought back again on the afternoon of Monday, February 2, by Mkondweni, one of Umditshwa's brothers.

The names and parentage of the five were as follows: Mtshazi, great son of Umditshwa; Qebi, son of Umditshwa by another wife; Qunku, son of Mkondweni; Sogotyo, son of Sodinga, an uncle of Umditshwa's, who had been smelt out and put to death years before; and Uzigodhlo, son of Mqanga. Of the five, Mtshazi was the only one who was really known to me.

They brought with them the whole of their personal property, consisting of one blanket apiece, which served for clothing in the day and bed-clothes at night, and (I believe) one pipe, which was shared among the five. Smoking and taking snuff are national customs among the Kaffirs. Umditshwa also sent a cow with them, to be milked daily for their use, so that they might have the "amasi" or thick sour milk so much used by all natives. Otherwise they ate mainly mealies (*i.e.*, Indian corn) and Kaffir corn (millet), and slept on mats or sacks, as they would have done at home.

By the help of mission-boxes sent out from friends in Scotland, by which country the diocese is largely supported, they were soon provided with a shirt apiece, and the white boys gave some of them old waistcoats. The combination of shirt and waistcoat alone, with bare legs and head, was, to say the least, not a little peculiar! and I was not sorry when, after a while, they all possessed themselves of trousers. The question of dress for Kaffirs, if we were able to approach it as a new one, would present no little difficulty. The blanket is not sufficient for winter, and there are practical

objections to it in a high wind, or when the wearer is engaged in hard work. On the other hand, European dress is unbecoming, and unnecessarily cumbersome. But the policy of the past has so identified the English dress with civilisation and religion, that it would probably be almost impossible to make any alteration now, however much we might deem it in the abstract desirable. The boys' days were generally spent as follows. For four hours in the morning they were in school, the schooling including religious instruction, which was, at first, chiefly given by means of pictures. In the afternoon they were often given some manual labour, or else they would go over their lessons by themselves, bathe, play singlestick, &c. At evensong in Church most of them would be present. On Friday afternoons they were at first allowed to go home every week for an exeat until Friday evening. This was partly to allow me to visit the out-stations with a clearer conscience, for I had no *man* to leave in my place to look after them while I was absent, and partly to help to soften down the enormous contrast between their present life of discipline and education, and their past existence of freedom and play in their natural life at home. At first all used to avail themselves of the exeat. They would come and shake hands and say good-bye in their clothes, then retire to their own hut, change, pack their clothes away in a box, and re-emerge with their blankets and sticks, and so make their way home. But after a time they began to remain, and at last the system of exeats was given up altogether.

Many difficult problems came to the front in the education of these raw heathen boys. How much religious instruction was to be given them? How was it to be conveyed? Should they be compelled to go to Church? If so, might they not be disgusted with religion? If not, would they ever go? These last questions I decided by making attendance at two evensongs in the week, and two Sunday services (when they were at S. Cuthbert's) compulsory,

leaving the others free. Should an attempt be made to *civilise* them? or would that only call out selfishness and a hurtful discontent? On this head I decided as far as possible to keep away civilisation, not only for their own sakes, but also because of expense. Cleanliness, industry, sobriety, religion, these are all needed, as we all allow; but I do not see that the man is better because he sleeps in a bed, eats meat every day and drinks coffee, and, I would willingly add also, wears European clothing, though on the last-named point we had to make a virtue of necessity.

Certainly they were a very good set of boys, and gave little or no trouble. Mtshazi, Sogotyo, and Uzigodhlo all worked hard. Mtshazi quite accepted from the first the position of responsibility, and acted as a sort of prefect, reporting whatever went wrong. Sogotyo was the cleverest and most receptive, but inclined to put himself forward too much. Uzigodhlo was, in some ways, the flower of the flock. An episode of his earlier life is worth recording. During the Pandomisi war, when he was only nine years old, he saved his mother's life. She had been left behind, through illness, at the kraal, when the rest of the people fled at the approach of their enemies; but he refused to leave her, and succeeded in dragging her away to a donga, where he concealed her, and himself with her, until all danger was past. Qebi, again, was idle, and never cared for school life; and Qunqu, though hard-working, was very slow, and disposed to be sulky.

Two or three days after their arrival, Ngomani, who lived about a couple of miles away, brought his son, Maqela, to be educated with his chief. I accepted him with much reluctance, as I knew something of him from his having worked at a neighbouring store, where I learnt that he was a troublesome boy. He did not belie his character, for within five days he broke a rule, and on being punished, ran away home. After this, in spite of reiterated requests, I refused him readmission, until I left for England, when

he was allowed to come again as a day-boy, which he continued to do regularly for fifteen months till the middle of 1887, when he was once more accepted as a boarder. Maqela is not without some excellent features in his character, among which may be named persistence and perseverance, intense craving for education, and devotion to his chief, which blends strongly in with personal ambition.

Qanqiso, son of Sami, a petty chief who had formerly lived at S. Paul's, and now resided near the Jengca, also joined the boarders. His mother, Milly, had been baptized years ago at S. Mark's, but had relapsed into heathenism, in which her husband's influence probably strengthened her. And yet at times lingering traces of her profession of faith seem still discernible, and I am not without hopes that her son may help her to "come home" again some day. Two little boys were also taken—Lohana, son of Umdunyelwa, and Joel, son of one of his councillors. Joel was never much good; but the "moon-faced" Lohana was one of our most promising boys in respect of learning, and one of whom I was personally very fond. These two were brought on September 23.

Two days before that the first vacancy occurred in our numbers (for I can hardly reckon in Maqela's). Uzigodhlo's father was "smelt out," and had to break up his home with all his family and retire elsewhere, happy in living under the colonial government, instead of under native rule, when his fate would have been sealed, unless he could have effected his escape. And many do not care to do this: the stain of being accused of witchcraft is so great upon their honour, that not a few prefer to meet their horrible death, or even to put an end to themselves, rather than go on living with that stigma over them.

Meanwhile the relations between Umditshwa and the mission continued to be most cordial, and whenever his health permitted, he was a frequent visitor at S. Cuthbert's. In April he was given a farm by the Government not far

from the residency, and by the courtesy of the then magistrate I was invited, as a friend of both parties, to accompany him on April 23 to the farm, when Umditshwa was shown the boundaries of his piece of land. Only one other event of any political importance as affecting Umditshwa's family took place during this period, as far as I can recollect. Xomfana, one of the chief's sons, who had been much mixed up in the war of 1880, was caught in the Qumbu district and imprisoned. This was reported to me by Umditshwa, who represented, through his missionary, the shattered state of Xomfana's health, and offered to stand bail for him, if the Government would allow him to be liberated. He was accordingly set free, and went to live at the Great Place, a confirmed invalid. Afterwards he was given a small location of his own, but died before he could enter on the enjoyment of it, as will be related further on.

Towards the end of the year Umditshwa expressed a wish that a resident teacher might be sent to open school at the new Great Place on his farm. This request would, of course, have been complied with, but before the arrangements could be completed Umditshwa's chronic illness had terminated in death.

At this time the diocese was suffering under great financial difficulties. Some time previous the payment of salaries had fallen, quite unavoidably, into arrears (though eventually everything was paid up in full), and it had become necessary to give notice to some of the clergy who were paid by the K.C.M. Fund, that their stipends could no longer be guaranteed them after a certain date. Such a notice, coming to married men, two of whom had families, and all three of whom were only in deacons' orders, and had special linguistic qualifications for work in Kaffraria, which would not help them to obtain employment elsewhere, could not be otherwise than hard, although no other course could possibly have been adopted, for without funds they

obviously could not be paid, and it was very desirable that the diocese should not run into debt, while it was only due to the clergy themselves that the position should be notified to them, so that they might have time to look out for a sphere of work elsewhere, rather than work on, relying on money which would not be forthcoming. Eventually all three decided to hold on, subsisting as best they could, but having very hard times until matters were better with us again. At the same time notice was sent to a student from S. Augustine's, who was coming to work in the diocese, that it would be impossible to receive him.

Under these circumstances, when there seemed really a danger that the very promising work in Kaffraria might be paralysed, when not only was it impossible to extend, but was becoming necessary to curtail, the Bishop decided to send the writer to England to try and raise funds.

A difficulty now arose as to what was to be done with Mtshazi and his companions, as no white man could be left in my place, but the work would be carried on by the native deacon and other native agents. The only plan that could be devised was to get Robert Tshele, the teacher, to live in one of the detached huts belonging to the parsonage, and look after the seven boys. Umditshwa gave his consent to this the more readily, as Tshele is a Gaika (*i.e.*, a Kaffir proper), and not a Fingo.

It had been arranged that I should leave S. Cuthbert's on March 12, 1886. At this time the chief, as was frequently the case, was ill, but no danger was apprehended. Mtshazi had, however, gone home to see him about two days previous, and I was intending to visit him myself on the 11th, when, early that morning, there came a message for Qebi and the other boys to go home, and almost immediately afterwards another messenger arrived bringing the news that my friend was dead. He had gone out of the hut on to the veldt, and so passed away, in his actual death quite alone.

The Bishop arrived that same evening, with the intention of consecrating the cemetery on the following morning. After full consultation with him, it was decided that I must postpone my going for a fortnight, on account of this fresh development of affairs.

As is so often the case with Kaffirs, witchcraft or foul play was suspected ; indeed the latter is not uncommon, for the natives are highly skilled in the use of poisons. Suspicion fell upon Goniwe, and he fled by night, making his way to his mother's people at All Saints, where he took refuge, and where I saw him on my journey down some two or three weeks later.

After a necessary visit to Umtata, to make arrangements for the postponement of my journey, I returned home on the evening of March 17. The following day Mkondweni came to see me on matters connected with Umditshwa's death, and the day after I went over with Lokwe and Tshele to the Great Place to see the grave and put a stone on it according to Kaffir custom. The dead man is buried at the entrance to the cattle kraal, which is then moved, so that the grave falls just outside the new kraal. The grave is fenced in with high boughs, and is piled up over the mould with stones which are thrown on by those who come to pay the last tribute of respect. After we had performed this rite we went and sat down by the huts, and talked with Mkondweni and the widow for the best part of an hour.

From the 20th to the 22nd I was at S. Augustine's and Nxasa for Sunday services. On my return home on the Monday, Xomfana came to see me with reference to Pondomisi matters. From the 23rd to the 25th I was at Xokongxa and Mbokotwana. On the 26th Mkondweni was over again with Mtshazi and Qebi.

Mtshazi's position at this time was a very precarious one. Although heir of the late chief, it must be remembered that he was the only son of the great wife, and his removal

would have opened the succession to Goniwe's brother, Zembe the outlaw. I had learnt about this period that for some time past (at least so the boys alleged), Goniwe had been in the habit, week by week, of lying in wait for Mtshazi on his way home from S. Cuthbert's, in order to beat him to death! and that Mtshazi had only escaped by having a spy who always informed him where the ambush had been prepared. When this same Goniwe had now been smelt out for Umditshwa's death, it can easily be understood that Mtshazi felt not a little alarmed for himself, and was very anxious to come with me to England. Had funds been forthcoming, I would gladly have taken him with me; but as it was, it was quite impossible. His last words to me were very sad: "I am afraid to stay here," he said; "every one hates me so!" And Mkondweni informed me that the lad had told him that, if he had the money, he would run away with me to cross the sea, whether the tribe would let him or not. I pointed out that his feeling of fear was much exaggerated, for the tribe as a whole is intensely loyal, and that as long as he remained at S. Cuthbert's among the Christians he would be quite safe. Nor indeed did I really entertain any apprehensions, or I should have removed him at any cost. It was accordingly settled that he should return to the mission according to the original arrangement, as soon as he had completed the necessary business which was for the present detaining him at the Great Place.

Qebi, on the other hand, had come to ask permission to leave school; and as he seemed bent upon it, and had never been very satisfactory, after I had put carefully before him the folly of his course, I gave my consent to his withdrawal. The same day I accepted Magela as a day-boy.

On Sunday, March 28, after a final celebration, with a short sermon, I said good-bye to my people, my last sight of them being as they stood grouped outside the Church waving their hats to me while they waited for matins; rode over to

new Tsolo, where the magistrate, Captain Hook, joined me, and we drove on together to Umtata, arriving in plenty of time for evening service.

Of the three white boys who had accompanied me to Ncolosi twenty-seven months before, Vice went to Dr. Johnston at Umtata; Rütters to the Bishop, to help in the white boys' school; and Leary was my travelling companion, when on March 31st I left Umtata for England, where he was going to school.

CHAPTER VIII.

A YEAR IN ENGLAND, AND RETURN TO KAFFRARIA.

WITH the work of that year in England we have nothing to do here, but only with what went on during the same time in S. Augustine's parish, so that the continuity of the record may not be altogether broken.

Although when the boys came to S. Cuthbert's in February 1885 they knew absolutely nothing, by March of the following year they had learnt to write legibly in Kaffir, and sent letters to me not unfrequently during my absence, as did also Tshele and Lokwe. Thus Mtshazi wrote (of course in his own language) on April 30th: "I am sending to you, missionary, to ask if you are still well. When will you come here to take me away? I don't like to be here, now that you are gone; I am killed here." And again, on June 24th: "This letter comes from Mtshazi. I send to you, missionary, to ask when you will come back again? It is horrid your not being here. Also all the people have not yet got blankets; the magistrate refused when we went to him, so there are eight people left without blankets. That is all." After an interval of another two months he wrote once more on August 20th: "My dear Rev. Sir" (these four words were in English), "I am sending to you, missionary, to say that we are still well here, but your not being here is bad. When will you come back to us at Ncolosi? When you were here all was pleasant; we seemed to be living with our father, and it was pleasant then. Then you said you were going away,

and that was bad ; and although we still remain, it seems bad to us."

All these letters indicate a feeling which also appears in his mother, Nogqili, for the Bishop wrote on May 6th : "I went to the Great Place, and had a long talk with Mtshazi's mother. She seems very much a widow, not knowing whom to trust. She is anxious still that Mtshazi should go home to you." Meanwhile I was making arrangements for sending for the lad, and had actually written to the Bishop on the subject, but before my letter could have reached him, I received on December 22nd the following news from Lokwe and Tshele, bearing date November 18th (the letter was written in English) : "We are very sorry to tell you that your child Umtshazi is lost, with his mother and sister, on the 4th inst., in the night, at the great place, where Umtshazi has been staying from Friday, October 15th ; never turn back to school untill the former date. During the former two weeks absent the teacher, R. Tshele, inquired what was the reason for Umtshazi not coming to school. Answer was that Umtshazi he is always in the court at Tsolo asking for a horse from Mr. J. P. Cumming ; he got the horse at last from the above gentleman ; he shortly afterwards disappeared.

"As he got lost on the 4th, a message came to me on the 7th reporting that he is not seen, saying they have no suspicion of anything which can make him to run away with his mother. I simply turned back the message to say, I do not believe that he is lost, because last May they (Mkondweni and others) sent me a word to be on the lookout for Zembe, who was going about in the district looking out for Umtshazi to kill him ; now, after keeping the boy all this time, you sent now to me, saying, 'the boy is four days lost.' Why did you not tell me at the same morning you missed him ? I further put the question to the message, how far did the people go in search of him ? Answer, No one sent out in search of him. Now strongly I said,

tell Ranuga, Mkondweni, and Mabasa to bring back Umtshazi. Two days after I collected the mission men on this question. We concluded to send R. Tshele, White Ngewu, and Mauwela to hear from the chiefs what they mean to say Umtshazi is lost? Ranuga answered, It is true Umtshazi is lost; no quarrel nor row was made with Nkosikazi (the queen), but without knowing, she was gone in the morning with her family. Did you send any one to look for them? Yes, three men are gone to Gcalekaland to see. Perhaps she may remember her father Sarili (Kreli), and take her children with her. Did she ever speak of going to her father? No, she did not. What will make us to believe that the boy is not killed, as you told us last May that Zembe is in search of him? I do not know, he said, but as soon I find out where the boy is I will let you know. Did you ever report this in the office? Yes. What did Captain O'Connor say? He said we must try our best to find him; also, he will write down to the Major at Umtata and to Mnganduli office to inquire about him; after that he sent a word to us (chiefs) to find Umtshazi soon as possible. There are no fresh news about him yet."

So the year ended for me in gloom and anxiety, for it was not for some weeks that I heard certainly that Nogqili and her children were at Kreli's. It appeared that a series of misfortunes had fallen on the family; the crops had failed, the cattle died, and Mtshazi himself had been ill; the witch-doctors had stated that all this was caused by Ranuga, Mkondweni, and Majangaza (all three brothers of Umditshwa), and Mtangayi, late commander-in-chief in the war of 1880; so that for safety, as they thought, they fled to Gcalekaland.

The little boarding-school at this time seemed in a poor way. Lohana and Joel ran away home, alleging that they were bullied by the bigger boys; but after a time they were brought back again. Neither of these two wrote to me at

all, nor did Maqela. From Qunqu I heard once, from Sogotyo and Qanqiso several times. I subjoin a few specimens of these letters translated. From Sogotyo: "I am sending to you, missionary, to ask if you are still well, and how you are altogether? We are still quite well, and our teacher treats us as well as you did. We still miss you. All is going on well at our homes, as far as we have heard. I am very glad to hear that you had a pleasant journey, and to know that you received our letters reporting we were still well: one thing you failed to answer, my request for a blanket." Qanqiso wrote on June 24th: "I am sending to you, missionary; I greet you cordially, missionary; are you still well, my chief, and comfortable? We are still well and comfortable, altogether happy, missionary. I am wanting to cross the sea to come to the place where you are, missionary; when you come to take Umtshazi, take me also; I want to come where you are. Again, I have no trousers, my trousers are worn out. That is all." Another letter of Qanqiso's never failed to raise a laugh, when read out at meetings in England: "I send to you, missionary, I greet you, my missionary, my chief. I am still well here, my chief; I remember you, my chief; I think of you very often indeed; my heart, my chief, remembers you, my missionary. I should be glad to be told that I might come across the sea. That is all to-day. *P.S.*—I have no trousers, and I have no coat. My trousers are worn out. Still I am not asking, I am only reporting!"

In other respects the work, as a whole, went on satisfactorily. That which suffered most from the absence of the parish priest was the European department, where services had to be almost entirely in abeyance for the time being. The native work was carried on with greater ease by the various catechists and teachers, and opportunities of communicating were provided from time to time by the Bishop and Canon Waters. It speaks well for the staff that, during this period, two new out-stations were constituted,

on the Tsitsana (in Maclear district) and the Roza (in the district of Qumbu). Before leaving for England, I had reported in a preachers' meeting that an application would probably come in from Menyo on the Tsitsana, who had been accustomed to services in Canon Waters' district, and had written to him to ask for a preacher, the Canon referring him on to me. As for the Roza, services on Sunday had for some time been supplied there from Mbokotwana, among the Christians who had recently been moved up thither from the diocese of Grahamstown in the old colony.

The commencement of the Tsitsana work is so graphically described by Lokwe, in a letter dated May 29th, that I cannot do better than reproduce his account here, in the English in which it was written.

"On Saturday, 8th (May), a man called Kaai Ndhlwana came, being a message from the headman Menyo of the Upper Tsitsana (this Menyo is the one you mentioned in our last Preachers' Meeting, of whom Mr. H. Waters spoke of), applying for a Preacher and a Teacher. But after few questions I put to him, he was not able to give satisfying answers. I turned him back to tell his chief or Headman that I shall be there myself with other preacher to hear what he wants. After the man left I sent an information of this to the Bishop. . . . On Friday, 21st ult. (*sic*), being the appointed day, I set off my journey. . . . We got a lunch at Mr. W. Sigenu, a Wesleyan minister at Cornelius' location. The above minister asked me where I was going, and what for. I told him I am going to Menyo, to visit friends and our Church people. 'No Church people at Menyo's, except one woman and two others whom I do not know whether are Christians or not, only there are my people (Wesleyans), also the spot is my *plan*, you will see a preacher to-morrow,' so he said. 'Is it?' said I; 'will you let me say the morning prayers, then?' 'Oh yes, you can take the prayers, but not preach.' 'Thanks,' I said. So we went on; we got to the place 3.30 P.M. The

chief came immediately after saddling off; he began to talk with us on the subject, saying, 'I have sent a man to apply for a preacher and a teacher from the Church, because I am use to it, though I personally am a Red Kaffir. Some of my Father's people are Christians; we use to be under Mr. Waters, though I never had an umfundisi (minister) of my own; we were two Headmen having one umfundisi.' 'It is not true,' said I, 'you want not umfundisi, because I have passed your Wesleyan umfundisi.' 'No, he is not mine. Yes, I have an open hut for every one who calls upon God, so when a man came from that Wesleyan umfundisi to preach I showed him the hut, not because I excepted (*sic*) him to be my umfundisi. On another hand, I never collect my people for him, as I shall do to the Church umfundisi. Another thing, the Wesleyan umfundisi is too strict to the people, because when the women become Christians are not allowed to make food for their husbands—*i.e.*, K. Bear (*sic*). Therefore to you I do declare that I give out the spot for a Church building, and an umfundisi's house. I meant to give a piece of land, but my location is rather small.' So we slept. The following morning, after his inquiries, he wanted me to tell him the Church rules, so that he may know what difficulties he will come across (as he has been asked for some money already for the *ticket* by the Wesleyans, and he objected, saying, 'I never joined the Wesleyans'). I told him that—

"i. He is to give out a spot for the Church and missionary's house and the land.

"ii. He is to pay £10 yearly to the missionary to pay the preacher and a teacher.

"iii. That children are to pay school fees, *i.e.*, 3d. a month each child.

"iv. Services are to be held morning and evening daily.

"v. School to be attended five days weekly.

"vi. Preacher or teacher to be fed until he get crops from his own land.

"All of these rules he consented, except the third one, of which he complained of scarcity of money these years; therefore they cannot afford it; asking to be excused for the present.

"So before our morning prayers, a Wesleyan preacher came; he went by the kraal where all the men were collected discussing this. After a short time, he came up towards us; he asked me whether I have taken the morning prayers? 'Not yet,' I said. He said, 'You better take the sermon as well.' I said, 'No; your ordinary allowed me to take prayers.' He said, 'I think you ought to take the service through.' So I did: the hut full of men and women all sorts. I dare say, before we went the Church I gave work to my fellow-men to take in the Church. I charged the Wes. Preacher to ring the bell (*i.e.*, a piece of iron hanged), so he did. After putting on my cassock (all the people astonished to see a man wearing a frock), we went down to the Church hut, passing the Wesleyan preacher sitting by the bell admiring; we stood by the hut and put on our surplices; we called the preacher to touch the bell, but looking at us he could not hear until I sent another man to awake him from his admiring, so he touched it. In the hut his second work was to listen to the end. After the service I invited him to where I am. He told me that he very much excited; it is the first time to see the Church. I asked him to take the evening service; he objected, saying he is not worthy to take it, so he went half-way with us speechless."

I am very glad to be able to say of this work that it went on side by side with the Wesleyan work in the location of Cornelius in the most friendly way, neither communion interfering with the other. On my visit to the Tsitsana, after my return to Kaffraria, I frequently became the guest of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Sigenu, where I was always welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and treated with colonial hospitality and English comfort.

A good deal of building in the various mission stations was also going on at this time, as follows : at Gqaqala, a sod church with thatched roof ; at Esiqunqwini, a wattle-and-daub school ; at S. Cuthbert's, a wattle-and-daub school ; at Tsitsana, a school-chapel of wattle-and-daub ; at Qanqu, a church of wattle-and-daub, with sod gables and iron roof. The size of these buildings varied : at Gqaqala it was $34\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 feet ; at S. Cuthbert's, 29 feet 5 inches by 19 feet 4 inches ; at Tsitsana, 30 by 15 ; at Qanqu, 50 by 27 (width of sanctuary 16). Of the Esiqunqwini school, which was an excellent circular hut, I have no dimensions. Of the five buildings named, that at Qanqu alone was any cost to the parochial funds. The three first enumerated were not finished until some time after my return ; in fact at Gqaqala the people were so slack about completing the last two days' labour, that, after previously warning them, I found it necessary to withhold their monthly communion from them on one of my visits, on the ground that they were not fit to communicate. This drastic but very necessary action had the desired effect, and the Church was at once finished. This dilatoriness and failure to appreciate the value of time is one of the most trying defects in the Kaffir character : one of the weaknesses which most prevents them from standing alone for the present.

On May 19, 1887, a party embarked at Southampton for S. Cuthbert's, consisting of the Rev. H. B. Webber, a newly ordained deacon, formerly student of Burgh Missionary College ; A. Cross, of Heaton Norris ; R. T. Stainer, of S. Peter's, Eaton Square, and myself. On our arrival at Capetown, while the rest of our party transhipped, and went on *via* East London to King Williamstown, I obtained leave to remain on the *Moor* so as not to be separated from our baggage, which was considerable.

We had previously arranged for Lokwe's waggon to come down and meet us ; and when I reached Kei Road on the evening of June 16, it was very pleasant to see

again not only the three white members of our party, but also Lokwe and Tshele, who had come down on horseback, Petros Umti and Zacchæus Nomlala, driver and leader of the draught oxen, and four of the Pandomisi boarders, whose mingled curiosity and fear at the trains was most amusing to witness. Cross and Stainer were to go up with the waggon, walking or riding as the case might be (but it was so piled up with luggage that the latter alternative was almost out of the question), and sleeping at night under it. Webber and I intended to walk; but neither of us carried out our design, for he fell footsore on the second day, and came on as best he could after that, while I was fortunate enough to reach Butterworth just as the Rev. W. Y. Stead was starting to attend the Diocesan Finance Board at Umtata, and to get a lift with him for the rest of the way. I may mention that, though it was a convenience to hire a waggon from S. Cuthbert's, as by this means we obtained our goods and chattels much sooner than we should otherwise have done, yet the plan was on the whole a mistaken one, for it involved much more expense.

After attending the Finance Board at Umtata, I reached S. Cuthbert's on the 25th, and was joined here by Webber on the 28th, in time for the festival celebration which had been fixed for June 29th, and which was attended by Church people from most of our stations, about one hundred communicating. As we came out of Church, Cross and Stainer were seen approaching on foot, having done one of the most remarkable walks on record. At eleven the previous morning they had left the waggon at Gungululu, some *fifteen miles from Umtata*, had walked all the rest of the day and part of the night, the rest being spent on the veldt, and at eight that morning found themselves at Umjika, *still fifteen miles from Umtata!*

CHAPTER IX.

MTSHAZI AND THE PONDONISI SCHOOL.

ON Tuesday, June 28th, Mabasa, the Government headman of the Pondomisi location, who had formerly been regent for Umditshwa, came with Ranuga, Umditshwa's eldest brother,¹ to make a formal report of Mtshazi's flight, and to request me to take steps to procure his return. During the next few days almost every Pondomisi visitor that I had—and, naturally, after so long an absence they were many—spoke to me on the subject, for it was the topic which, more than any other, at that time occupied their thoughts: the upshot being that I asked all the great chiefs to meet me on July 23rd at Mabasa's place.

Before, however, the day arrived, I had had an unexpected meeting with Mtshazi and Nogqili. On July 19th, a message was sent up from Umtata to say that they were there, and were very anxious to see me. They had come up from Sarili's to see the Bishop, and, on their arrival, had learnt that I was back again at S. Cuthbert's. Accordingly, on the following day, Tshele and I went down for an interview, and with the Bishop had a three hours' talk with them and the two Pondomisi councillors who were in attendance. Mtshazi had grown very much, but in other respects, as was only to be expected, had distinctly retrograded; he was dressed simply in a blanket, and his manner was very *gauche*, as if he were ashamed of himself, as was probably the case. Undoubtedly he really believed that he was bewitched; and, looked at from the point of

¹ Tyali was really the oldest, but Ranuga was the first son of the Iqadi.

view of the heathen Kaffir chief, his terms were very mild, consisting of nothing more than the exile of the supposed offenders. On the other hand, he had no power to enforce anything at all, so that this demand was quite as useless for bringing about a reconciliation as a far more harsh one would have been. I endeavoured, of course, to show him the absurdity and the evil of this practice of "smelling out," and insisted that Government would never allow the exile of these men, against whom nothing whatever was proved, or even attempted to be proved, and upbraided him strongly with his cowardice, a point on which my words seemed to have some effect.

The meeting had no direct result, but no doubt it helped to pave the way for further negotiations. The only immediate settlement at which we arrived was this, that the plan already formed should be carried out in its integrity, *i.e.*, that the meeting should be held at Mabasa's on the 23rd, and that afterwards I should go down to see Sarili with three men from S. Cuthbert's and three Pandomisi chiefs. August 4th was the day fixed for the visit to the old Kaffir chief, and a special message was sent to him to say that we should sleep near his place on the 3rd, and arrive early on the 4th, and that he must be careful not to make a mistake in the day.

On the 23rd we had a very interesting meeting at Mabasa's. Three of the accused, Ranuga, Mtangayi, and Mkondweni (all personal friends of my own), were present, and took part in the proceedings. Majangaza, however, did not show himself. The two first named spoke out like men, protesting strongly against the charge brought against them, and challenging Mtshazi to prove it. Mkondweni, however, took a different line, and expressed himself as ready to obey his chief in everything. The general feeling in the meeting, which lasted nearly four hours, was that the four should move to more distant parts of the location, and that was to be "the Pandomisi word" to Mtshazi. With

this message I had nothing to do : it was valueless without the Government's ratification, which it would never be likely to receive, or the consent of the four persons accused, which it was highly improbable would be given. Three well-known men were named to accompany me to Sarili's—Matanzima Xayimpi, Mncotane, and Ngomani ; while I named, for my own part, Philip Lokwe, Robert Tshele, and Albert Nomlala, a Fingo, Gaika, and Pondomisi respectively.

About midday on August 3rd, Lokwe, Tshele, and Nomlala joined me at Mnqanduli Residency, the latter leaving us again very soon to find the three Pondomisi and bring them to the store where we proposed to stay the night. That evening ride was one of much interest to me, as my two companions were firmly persuaded that some "abakweta" (newly circumcised boys) of whom we asked the road in the dark, and who followed us with their assegais, directing us down a very sombre-looking hill, were intending to decoy us away, so as to rob and murder us, a view of affairs in which I entirely disagree with them. We reached our destination, however, shortly before seven o'clock, and were soon joined by the rest of our party.

An early start next morning brought us, along a precipitous ridge, to the very strong position where Sarili had made his home, a little before nine. The beginning of the proceedings was not very propitious. Just before our arrival we had met Mtshazi, who had informed us that his grandfather was at home ; but when we actually reached the kraal, we were told by two men who came out to ask who we were and what was our business, that the chief was out at one of his other kraals, and they did not know when he would be back. When we had been sitting outside for a while, one of them returned and showed us into a clean hut, where he said we could stay the night : to which I replied that I should leave that afternoon.

When we were left alone, we consulted among ourselves as to the course to be adopted. It was necessary, in order

to enable me to fulfil my other engagements, to sleep that night at Mnqanduli, a considerable distance away; and further, as a matter of principle it seemed right to adhere firmly to the date already fixed for our meeting with Sarili, and not to give in to any delays. I therefore announced my determination to go again the same afternoon, whether the chief had appeared or not; and my companions all replied that whatever I did, they would do also. We then called the man who had brought us into the hut, and I represented to him that we had come a long way to see Sarili, that the day had been fixed long beforehand, that the chief knew it well, and was thoroughly aware that we should be at his place early: concluding by saying that, whether I saw him or not, we should leave that afternoon, and that I should not come back to fetch "my son" again, when the responsibility would rest with Sarili and not with me.

Our words seemed to surprise him not a little. He said, however, that he thought the chief would be there directly, as he had sent out messengers to call him; and he would go and look out now, to see if he was coming. Almost immediately after this (it was then about 10.30 A.M.) Sarili appeared. None of us doubted that he was really there all the time, waiting, perhaps, to enhance his own importance, or because some of the councillors whom he needed had not yet arrived.

He at first took the line of trying to lay the blame of Mtshazi's flight upon me, which forced me to speak strongly in vindication of myself, until he owned that what was said was true, and left that part of the subject; turning, then, to the Pondomisi, whom he attacked for certain breaches of etiquette and slackness of which they had really been guilty. The end, however, was that he killed an ox for us, and it was settled that Mtshazi and his mother should return unconditionally. Lokwe, Tshele, and I started off again before 4 P.M., reaching Mnqanduli by 10; while Nomlala

remained with the other Pondomisi to escort Nogqili and her son home. When I returned to S. Cuthbert's from a prolonged absence on September 2nd, I found that they were back again at the Great Place.

Thus the first great step had been taken, but there were still other difficulties to be overcome: the chief one consisting in the strong desire on the part of Mtshazi and his councillors that his three uncles and Mtangayi should be removed, a desire which had been fostered by the Pondomisi "word" sent down to Mtshazi at Sarili's. Having ascertained from the magistrate that any such idea was quite out of the question, I was able, with much difficulty, to prevail on Mtshazi to be silent by pointing out to him that the preferring a charge of witchcraft was an actionable offence (and indeed one of the councillors was imprisoned very shortly afterwards on this very ground, that he had upbraided Mtangayi with being a wizard). The whole matter was, then, left quietly to die away, and I reintroduced Mtshazi at the office on September 12, without the burning question being touched. Shortly after that he returned again to school.

This same year (1887) several more boarders came; Tshalilanga, son of Mtangayi, first cousin to Umditshwa; Magwyi, son of Tyali, brother of Umditshwa; Ntoyapi, son of Sodinga, uncle of Umditshwa; and Mfene, son of Batyi.

The following year produced two fresh developments. Sogotyo had in 1887 come definitely forward as a catechumen, and on July 29, 1888, was baptized by the name of Chelston, that name being selected by the parish in Torquay by which he is supported. The school had thus been in existence for three and a half years without a single baptism, nor do I think this at all a long time when the circumstances are taken into consideration. The boys' parents were, without an exception, heathen, and the whole tribe itself the same, with all its influence thoroughly heathen, so that to come forward for the sacrament of

initiation into Christianity meant to run counter to all the associations and ideas of the tribe, and almost to be looked upon as a renegade and a traitor.

Meantime Mtshazi had become very anxious to go on to school in England. The time for his circumcision, which, among Kaffirs, is the rite which betokens the coming of age, and which is usually performed at from fifteen to eighteen, had now fully arrived. The tribe was most desirous for the ceremony to take place, not only in order that their chief might attain manhood, but also that the other boys of the tribe of about the same age, who, according to the national custom, would be circumcised at the same time, might become men, and marry. Mtshazi himself, on the other hand, was equally anxious that the ceremony should be postponed, on the ground that, when once he had been circumcised, and attained manhood, the tribe would not allow him to continue his education; for in many points the Kaffir constitution is most democratic. As considerable pressure was being brought to bear upon him, and in a lesser degree upon myself, for his circumcision to take place at once, his request that he might be removed to another school farther away seemed a very right one. At first the Bishop and myself were of opinion that he might be sent direct to England, as he wished; but there were many difficulties in the way of this plan being carried out at that time, and eventually it was decided that he should go to Lovedale, an excellent school in the old colony, for a time, with Chelston as his companion. It was necessary to keep the plan as quiet as possible, for fear that the tribe might prematurely hear of it and compel him to be circumcised first: so that it was not until a week before the date fixed for his start, that, on July 23, 1888, I called the chiefs together at S. Cuthbert's, and announced that, acting on the powers given by the late chief, Umditshwa, and urged by the desire that Mtshazi should have as good an education as possible, both for his own sake and his people's,

I proposed to send him, together with Sodinga's son, to Lovedale for a year or two, and probably after that to England.

The feeling in the meeting was decidedly adverse to the scheme, as was only to be expected; as one speaker phrased it, "How can a cow be happy when her calf is away?" But at the same time all were agreed in saying that they recognised the authority which Umditshwa had given to the missionary, and could not hinder the action. Mkondweni asked whether it would not be possible for circumcision to take place even yet before he went; but this was obviously out of the question. At the end, I asked Mtshazi (who was sitting by me) to say a few words, to express that it was his own wish, as well as mine, that he should go, which he did in the most emphatic language. The next few days were spent by the two boys in scouring the country for horses. Here was the Pondomisi's opportunity again, and they made the most of it, trying passively to prevent the young chief's departure, by refusing to lend him horses to take him to Lovedale, on the plea that they were sick, or too thin for so long a journey in mid-winter—a very specious plea. Eventually, however, we succeeded in getting them off on the morning of the 30th, Frank Rütters (who had returned to S. Cuthbert's the year previous) and Qanqiso accompanying them to Lovedale, a five or six days' journey.

The selection of Chelston alone to accompany Mtshazi at once introduced some heartburnings into the school, Qanqiso, Magela, and Qunqu, the other three oldest boys, being all jealous that the choice had not fallen on them. The two last-named asked leave to go and look out for another more advanced school for themselves; and when leave was granted, scoured the country for some days in ineffectual search. Had they asked in a right spirit, arrangements might perhaps have been made for them to go to Umtata; but so much temper was shown, that it was felt that they ought to suffer for it. Magela soon returned, apologised,

and was taken back again to S. Cuthbert's; but Qunqu never got over the fancied slight, and permanently left.

In February of the following year, Qanqiso, through the help of friends at Glasgow, was sent on to Lovedale, his father paying £2 a year towards his support there. Before leaving S. Cuthbert's he finished his catechumenate, and was baptized by the name of Alan. He was followed in August by Maqela, before that baptized by the name of Gilbert, whose father raised the whole of the £8 per annum required for the lowest scale of school fees at Lovedale.

The little boarding-school seemed by this time to be on a firm basis, and its tone was becoming a Christian instead of a heathen one. During 1888 four new boys came—Tunja, Xandelekile, Siziba, and Adam; while Keta also became a boarder in the same year. In 1889 there were several more arrivals, the names of the new ones being Mva, Nonqayi, Zityini, Gosa, Mtshisazwe, Langa, Mbundwana, Vangendaba, and Mtshiki; so many that it was necessary to enlarge their house by building a lean-to all along the back as dormitory, this work being done mainly by Rütters and the boys themselves. In 1890, before I left for England, two more new boys came—Mark, a Christian (the first Christian that we had ever had), and Mtenge.

Some of these boys were brought by their fathers, who wished them to receive an education, or simply to be brought up along with their chief. This was the case with six or seven of those whom I have named. In two or three cases it was the influence of an elder brother who was at school that brought the younger. Two at least of the bigger lads came entirely on their own account; another came first to work, was attracted by the school-life, and after the period for which he was hired had ended, remained on as a boarder. Another (Mtshiki) came simply through my asking him one day, when he had run up to me (as I rode past the place where he was herding the cattle) to say good morning, whether he would not like to come to school.

Others, again, were left me by their fathers on their death-beds, in a way that is perhaps interesting enough to call for a fuller record.

On May 29, 1889, I had just returned from a long round through Griqualand East and Pondoland, when I received a message from Tyali, one of Umditshwa's brothers, that he was anxious to see me. I rode over to his kraal as soon as possible, and found that he was fully persuaded that many years of shattered health were about to be terminated by death, and he had called me in to give some final instructions about his family and his own burial. One son of his (Magwyi) was already with me; two others, Mfenenduna and Ncekane, were well known to me; and I took the opportunity of asking him if he would give them to me. He pointed out what was quite true, that their mothers would be in a great measure dependent on them, and offered me in their stead the two little boys Mbundwana and Vangendaba, whom I very gladly accepted.

It was a matter of great thankfulness to find that Tyali, who for long had been in the position of a hearer, was anxious to be baptized, and that this desire was one of the causes that had made him send for me. The intensity of the tribal feeling against the adoption of Christianity was brought out very strongly in his request that no one of his people might be informed that I was coming to baptize him, lest they should interfere and remove him, or in some other way prevent the administration of the sacrament. This request came from one of the most influential people in the whole tribe, one whose opinion carried perhaps more weight than anybody else's. I gave him clinical baptism in his hut on May 31st, visited him frequently till his death on the night of June 5-6, and buried him with Christian rites on the 6th. Shortly afterwards the two little boys came to S. Cuthbert's, where they are likely, I hope, to remain for many years.

At the same time, Umditshwa's son, Xomfana, whose

long-continued ill-health has already been mentioned, was rapidly becoming worse; and on the day of Tyali's burial one of his brothers came over to report this to me, and to say that he was very anxious to see me. Xomfana was at that date in hiding, in order to escape from the malignant power which was supposed to be bewitching him, and the secret of his hiding-place was known to very few, so that it was arranged that I should go alone on the following day to the Great Place, where Nogqili would give me a guide. Accordingly, on the 7th, I saddled up as soon as I had opened school, and reached the Great Place by eleven o'clock. Here I had to conceal my special errand; but Nogqili knew perfectly well the object of my coming, and very soon called one of her councillors, to whom she gave some orders in an undertone. With this man as guide, the journey was performed with perfect secrecy.

This visit to Xomfana was a very sad one, for there was evidently little hope of his recovery; but he clung violently to life, and nothing apparently could be done for him or with him from a Christian point of view. He asked me to take care of his little son after he should be gone, and to bury him myself when the end came. And so, after his death, which took place some weeks later, Mtshisazwe was sent to me; and, by my special request, a little friend and playfellow of his (Langa), to keep him company. That was how our four youngest boys, all about nine years old, came to us.

On August 25, 1889, we had the largest batch of school baptisms that we had yet had—Siziba, Keta, Tshalilanga, Mfene, and Xandelekile all being baptized that morning. This was followed on January 7, 1890, by the confirmation of Tshalilanga (Vincent) and Xandelekile (Edgar), who were the first two of the boys to become communicants. In the case of Chelston, Alan, and Gilbert, it has been impossible as yet to present them, on account of their absence at Lovedale.

At the same time, it was not all gain. During the period covered by these three years, in addition to Qunqu, who has been already mentioned, we lost four boys—Joel, Tunja, Adam, and Lohana. Joel had returned at the beginning of the summer term without his bag of grain, which was contrary to rules. Sent back to fetch it, he met it (as was afterwards ascertained) on the road, but turned those who were bringing it back again home, and so departed. It is to be feared that he was not much regretted by any one.

Tunja fell sick, and was sent home for a while on sick-leave. While there, a "word" arrived from Mtshazi at Lovedale that the young men were not to wait for him, but might marry when they liked. The attractions of matrimony proved too great for Tunja, and he preferred to stay at home in the society of a wife rather than to return to school.

Adam did not remain long. He found the routine and discipline of school-life very irksome and trying, and asked permission of the boarders' superintendent (in my absence) to return home, which was, perhaps wisely, granted, lest he should have taken the matter into his own hands and run away. It may be thought that his father, Matanzima, was a little to blame for the boy's rapid wearying of school-life; for, although he came from Umjika, outside the present Pondomisi location, and far away from the homes of all the other boarders, no friend of his was sent with him to S. Cuthbert's to soften the parting from home and the change of life. He was a nice boy, and his leaving was a subject of much regret to me.

About Lohana more must be said. On one occasion, when he had fallen ill, his sickness did not yield at once to the remedies employed. Kaffir fashion, he thought at once that he was being bewitched; and in this impression he was confirmed by something that happened the following night. While he was asleep, he was woke up by the

boy lying next to him, who pointed out that his hair was on fire ! The fact was unmistakable. The obvious explanation was that one of the boys had been smoking, and a burning match or some ash had fallen against him ; or else that one of the boys had done it out of spite against Lohana, for a practical joke. Both these suggestions met with a sturdy denial on the part of the boys, and Lohana worked himself up into such a state of abject terror that there was nothing for it but to send him away for a time : nor have any efforts, either from S. Cuthbert's or on the part of his parents, availed to bring him back again, although visits have been interchanged several times. Still, hopeless as it seems at present, we have no intention of despairing or relaxing our efforts, which may, perhaps, in the end be given success. His leaving us was a great disappointment. Intellectually he was a very promising boy, and, what is more, he was a catechumen.

Meanwhile the question of Mtshazi's going to England was only in abeyance ; and it was finally settled that he should be taken over by me, and placed at Denstone College, the authorities of which have acted with the greatest kindness and liberality throughout, in the autumn (that is, the English spring) of 1890. It was at first intended that he should be accompanied by Chelston ; but the reports of him from Lovedale were latterly not satisfactory enough to warrant the expense. In his place, Daniel Mtangayi was selected, who for some time had been anxious to cross the sea.

Mtangayi, since his imprisonment at Capetown, had thoroughly identified himself with what may be termed the "party of progress" in Pondomisiland. His eldest son, Daniel, came to me in 1885 (he was then about twenty years old), and expressed his wish to go to school. He, however, shrunk from coming to S. Cuthbert's because of its nearness to his own home, fearing that he would be perpetually tempted to go home to see his people ; and so

arrangements were made by the Bishop for him to go down to the college at Umtata. There he was baptized, confirmed, and became a communicant; and soon made his mark as an honest and trustworthy young man. His hope was, and is, eventually to become an ordained missionary to his own people; and, as far as can yet be seen, there is every probability of this hope being fulfilled, if the necessary funds are forthcoming. In like manner Chelston, whose last report from Lovedale is satisfactory, looks forward to becoming a teacher; and Cuthbert (Siziba), who goes to Umtata in 1891, is very anxious to be ordained. Another of the boys may, I hope, eventually become a doctor, to work in connection with the mission.

Generally speaking, it seems unadvisable for native lads to be sent home for their education. There is frequently some danger from the climate, and there is considerable risk of their being spoilt by the kindness of English people—a spoiling which is all the more injurious from its entire contrast to the treatment which they would experience in their own country at the hands of white persons; and in fact there are many ways in which the marked contrast between the life in England and that in Kaffraria might operate prejudicially. At the same time, it is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule of universal application; and in Mtshazi's case so many circumstances seemed to point to the advisability of his being sent home, that it was the unanimous opinion of all the experts on the spot, lay as well as clerical, who were consulted, that it was the wisest course to face the undoubted dangers, and, at the risk of disappointment and possible failure, to make the experiment.

His removal was necessary for the continuance of his education, and a good education is an absolute essential for him, in view of his position. Whatever his future may be, whether he be recognised by Government and given an official position in the location or not, to his people he will

always be chief, and it is imperative that his influence should be exercised on the side of law, order, and progress. It was also highly advisable that he should be removed for a while from the reactionary and heathen influence of his tribal surroundings, so that he might be able to regard Christianity fairly. There is no doubt that his whole bent is towards the establishment of humanising and civilising influences among his people: he has already shown, by sundry actions that he has taken, that he is very anxious for the formation of schools, and that he values and appreciates Church services; and since his arrival in England he has definitely expressed a wish for baptism, but with the addition of the statement that the Pandomisi objected to his becoming a Christian. The position is so fraught with difficulties, considering the attitude of the tribe and its authority (in some respects) over the chief, and the marriage question which will soon present itself for solution, and his action would necessarily exercise such an effect upon the tribe, that any precipitation or haste would be a great mistake; and I think one may safely say that his actual baptism in England would be an error, as the people might fairly complain of what would seem suspiciously like underhand dealing. What might be attained for the present, and what we may hope and pray will be attained, is this, that he should be prepared for baptism, and so saturated with Christian ideas, that he should be ready to face tribal opposition for the sake of his religion, and to be publicly baptized in the face of his people. In any such step as this, he would, doubtless, be supported by the other young chiefs who have been baptized; and if the leading men of the tribe become Christians, very many others will be ready to follow suit. The situation is one full of difficulties and responsibilities, but also full of hopefulness; but for the development of these expectations into realities constant and earnest prayer is needed.

So, then, on April 5, 1890, a final meeting of the Pondo-

misi chiefs was held at S. Cuthbert's, when the announcement was made that the further step, notified nearly two years before, was now to be taken, and that Mtshazi, accompanied by Daniel Mtangayi and myself, was to leave for England. This time the opposition was limited to two men, and they persons whose voices were of no weight, for in the meanwhile the Pondomisi had learnt that Mtshazi's stay at Lovedale had done him good, not harm, they had seen him return safe and well from time to time for the holidays, and they had been told in the meeting of 1888 that a visit to England was projected, and so had become accustomed to the idea. The only "word" addressed to me was this: not to delay too long with him across the sea. The same evening Mtshazi and Daniel (for whose support his father is paying £5 a year) left for Umtata, where I joined them the following day, *en route* for East London.

The Pondomisi work, meanwhile, was left in the hands of the Rev. S. G. Mansbridge, M.A., a new arrival from England, who was to spend a year at S. Cuthbert's, learning the language and becoming habituated to the ways of the people, before proceeding to S. Andrew's to take up his own work in Pondoland East. All the outside stations had been drafted off during these years, as will be related in the next chapter, into new parishes: the work that still remained comprised the Pondomisi location, with the station of S. Cuthbert's and the ordinary routine there, outside preaching at some eight or ten different centres among the heathen Pondomisi, and the boarding-school. In this last department there are now sixteen boys at S. Cuthbert's, living with the missionary, of whom four are baptized, and four catechumens, in addition to two communicants at Umtata, three baptized at Lovedale, and Mtshazi and Daniel in England.

CHAPTER X.

DEVELOPMENT OF WORK.

THE advent of Messrs. Webber, Stainer, and Cross enabled us to undertake a great extension of work, more particularly in the European department, which was practically put into Mr. Webber's hands from the first, although, until he was priested, visits for quarterly celebrations from myself were a necessity. On these occasions we exchanged duty, Webber visiting some native station, while I was at the European hamlet.

The formation of the parish of Matatiela, to which Mr. Green had been appointed, had made provision for regular services at Matatiela and Mount Fletcher, to which the energetic incumbent soon added various farming centres in addition to his native work. But there were a number of hamlets within a radius of fifty miles from S. Cuthbert's to which we were bound to supply ministrations. The monthly services at Tsolo and Maclear were resumed, and others were added at Mount Frere (where no regular Church services had ever been supplied before), Ugie (which was taken the same day as Maclear), and Qumbu (which before this had only been served quarterly). Owing to the apathy of the scattered white people in the neighbourhood of Tsolo, and the fewness of the inhabitants at the hamlet itself, it was found needful after a time to discontinue the services there in order to supply them to the farmers in the Maclear district, among whom Webber made two centres, at Umga, where was a band of communicants, and at Pot River, these two places being taken in turn alternate months. Much

of my colleague's time was also taken up in visiting the white people from place to place. When new parishes were constituted at the end of 1888, his eighteen months' work was represented—as far as statistics are in any way a fair representation—by seven persons confirmed, twelve candidates for confirmation, twenty-four children baptized, and about £135 raised locally for Church purposes. An assembly room for religious as well as secular use had been built at Mount Frere, harmoniums had been provided, as well as altar-cloths, for this place, Qumbu, and Maclear, and a site for a Church had been given at the Umga.

In the native department of the work only one new station (in the technical sense) was opened in the year and a half, in addition to those at the Tsitsana and Roza, mentioned in a former chapter. This was at the Ngxakolo, near the Tina, in a heathen location of Tembu's. Unfortunately there was no man available for the place of sufficient strength, so that the work here never flourished as it should have done. Considerable operations were, however, commenced in the neighbourhood of Mount Frere. A number of native Christians had come up into this district, some from Mbokotwana, but the majority from the parishes of S. Mark's, S. Peter's, and S. Alban's, or from the diocese of Grahamstown. Services were at first supplied to these at Mount Frere itself, with periodical celebrations. Afterwards, in order to more thorough and constant supervision, the Rev. E. Jwara was moved to Mount Frere, and given itinerating work among these various congregations.

There were other places, falling outside the parish of S. Augustine's, which, for lack of any one else, had to receive such spiritual aid as could be given from S. Cuthbert's. Some three or four miles beyond the Umzimvubu, on the borders of the Wesleyan station at the Rode, a few native Christians belonging to the Church had settled, and these had to be visited from time to time. Further on at Mount Ayliff, twenty-four miles from Kokstad, was a considerable

European community, most anxiously desiring the ministrations of the Church. On our visits to Kokstad, the Bishop or myself would hold service here from time to time, meeting nowhere with a heartier welcome from both civilians and military, or a better congregation for the size of the place. At the back of Mount Ayliff again, almost equidistant from it and Kokstad, is Fort Donald, a small military outpost. Here occasional services were held, *en route* to or from S. Andrew's, and the missionary was always received with the utmost kindness.

Before this date the archdeaconry of Kokstad had fallen vacant through the death, at the beginning of 1886, of one of the most successful missionaries in the diocese, Archdeacon Button, of Clydesdale. The mission vacated by him was put in charge of the Rev. J. Oxley Oxland, while the writer was called by the Bishop to succeed to his official appointment. The centre of the district, and the undoubtedly right place for the archdeacon's residence, was at Kokstad; but owing to the intimate relations subsisting between the Pandomisi and myself, it seemed to his Lordship that it would be impossible for me at present to leave S. Cuthbert's, so that the duties devolving upon the holder of the office had, as far as possible, to be discharged from there; but after a while a cottage was also rented in Kokstad itself, so that there might always be a *pied à terre* there.

The duties of an archdeacon are defined in the canons of S. John's diocese to be as follows:—

1. To assist the Bishop in examining candidates for Holy Orders; to present to the Bishop those who are to be ordained; to assist in the laying on of hands at the time of Ordination; to aid the Bishop in consultations on grave matters; and for this end, to attend him at the Provincial Synod, when called upon to do so.

2. To watch over the faith and conduct of the clergy in his archdeaconry, and to see that they perform Divine

Service according to the Prayer-Book and the Canons of this Diocese and Province.

3. To examine into the condition of Churches, Parsonage Houses, and Collegiate and other Buildings belonging to the Church, and report annually to the Bishop on the subject.

4. To act, if so required, as the Diocesan Inspector of Church Schools.

5. To admit Churchwardens and Sidesmen to their office, and to examine the Registers.

Clause 4 has never been called into requisition, to the best of my knowledge: clauses 3 and 5 were met by an annual visitation of all the parishes in the archdeaconry (which comprised Griqualand East, with the exception of Umjika, and Pondoland East) during the Quadragesima Paschalis, the church-officers being always admitted to office in their own parishes.

There are other duties which, in South Africa, fall more or less to the share of the *oculus episcopi*. In some dioceses, it is, I believe, a formally recognised function that he should take charge of vacant parishes: with us it was tacitly understood that he should try to supply services at such places. So it came to pass that not only were the Rode, Mount Ayliff, and Fort Donald (as already mentioned) administered from S. Cuthbert's, but that quarterly visits had to be paid also to S. Andrew's in Pondoland East, which was then occupied only by a lay caretaker.

Many other matters could naturally be initiated by one occupying an official position. I recollect to have seen it stated somewhere that the "S.P.G. would do better if it had fewer archdeacons and more curates." It was and is, however, the universal opinion in our own diocese that this office is one the maintenance of which is most necessary, and that, where the see is very large, the clergy scattered, and the means of locomotion scanty, it supplies a subsidiary point of unity, which is much valued by all the missionaries.

During these three years, Kokstad and S. Andrew's (the one as the centre of the district, and the other as a vacant parish) used to be visited quarterly : other principal places twice a year, as far as possible, for the visit of a brother clergyman to an isolated missionary is a thing which has to be experienced in order to be fully appreciated. Wherever the journey was, whether to Matatiela, with its glorious views of the Drakensberg, and the crowded congregation meeting for service in the court-house, with the incumbent and his wife and family cheerfully putting up with their two rooms until the parsonage was completed ; to Kokstad, with its beautiful gardens and shaded streets, through which the water runs on either side, but with, alas ! a small brick chapel utterly unworthy of the services of the Church ; to Clydesdale, with its luxuriant garden, its massive stone chapel, and a village, with hedges reminding the traveller of those he had left behind at home ; to distant Ensikeni, with its little wooden school-chapel and noble views of bush and mountain, where the missionary and his wife cheerfully bore isolation for the sake of Christ ; to Maclear, where one of the last visits in 1890 was paid, to a parsonage where the incumbent and his wife were housed, not yet dry under foot, windowless and doorless ; to Mount Frere, where the assistant resident magistrate's house always proved elastic enough to provide the accommodation which the priest-in-charge's cottage was obviously too small to supply ; whether it was to a brother clergyman, to a resident magistrate, to an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, to a trader, or to a farmer that the journey was taken, the welcome was always the same, and the hospitality never-failing. Many firm friendships between the layman and the missionary have been built up at Mount Ayliff, Matatiela, under the Insizwa Mountains, and in many other places that might be named. Sometimes, as notably near Matatiela and Kokstad, carts would come out to meet the weary traveller and give him

a lift in ; or elsewhere, as at Mount Ayliff in particular, his tired horses would be given a rest while the next journeys were performed on borrowed ones. One of the pleasantest features of missionary life is the almost universal kindness and hospitality experienced from all alike, both white and native.

It will be obvious, from what has been said above, that a very large portion of these three years was spent in travelling. During some months not a single night was spent at home ; and for the first nine months of 1889, of which a record was kept, the average mileage was nearly 1000 per quarter. Occasionally these journeys were made (partially, if not wholly) in a cart. It is a great mistake to suppose that driving is a superfluous luxury, with which the missionary ought to have nothing to do. Although circumstances have prevented my adopting this style of locomotion for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that the acquirement of a trap and cart-horses (as they are called) is a wise purchase, saving probably in the long run many years of life, by the lessening of fatigue. Additional advantages to be found in this style of travelling are increased independence (for food and sleeping gear can be taken, so that camping out may be conducted in comfort), and greater facilities for transport of baggage.

Occasionally, again, I set myself to show that walking is not an impossibility in South Africa, when my horses were abnormally overworked. If a round of any length had to be made on foot, it was necessary to be accompanied by a boy with a pack-horse, carrying such things as were needful. In this way Cross and I, both walking, attended by a Pondomisi boy riding with the saddle-bags, made a six days' round in June 1888, winding up with forty-eight miles within the last twenty-four hours. It was quite possible to do this, and to get through a great deal of pastoral work at the same time from place to place. This particular round included the marking out of the boundaries

of a new Church and inspection of school at Esiquunqwini ; celebration and five baptisms at Qanqu ; examination of catechumens, evensong, preparation office and sermon, and celebration and sermon at Tsitsana ; other business at Qanqu and Maclear, and various talks with parishioners at different places.

But the ordinary way of getting about the country was on horseback. For the long journeys three horses are used, the second being ridden by a native boy, who leads the third with the pack upon it. For short journeys, my own custom is usually to go alone with one horse only. Full rivers may be crossed on ponts, on the very rare occasions when those ponts are in working order ; or on boats, if there should happen to be any, as there are in a few places ; or simply by swimming. In the big rivers there is little danger, if any, for a good swimmer. Greater difficulty is experienced in the small streams, which are often too shallow or stony for swimming, and the current of which, when full, is tremendously strong. Happily, however, these run down as rapidly as they fill, so that a patient waiting for two or three hours on the banks will generally see the traveller through in safety.

Two of these journeys stand out prominently in the memory. On one, made from Maclear to Tsitsana, January 25-26, 1888, I was accompanied by a young colonial friend. Knowing that the rivers were full, we decided not to go by the usual short cut, crossing the Pot River at a drift known as the Sausage Machine, which is very dangerous after heavy rains, but to take the river at the main drift on the waggon road to Mount Fletcher. When we reached the drift, we found some natives on the bank, unable to cross. Happily there were some farmers' houses at no great distance on the other side, and after some time we succeeded in making their owners hear. When they saw the position of affairs, with the usual colonial readiness they constructed an impromptu raft with a cask and some

spars, attaching long reims to it at either end. Two natives swam across with this, towing the raft after them by the reims, and by this means we succeeded in conveying over dry our clothes and our saddles, at last following ourselves, resting on the raft and paddling with our legs, while the horses swam.

After this our course lay across country till we struck the Tsitsa at a drift which neither of us knew. The neighbourhood was quite deserted, so that, under the circumstances, it was not safe to attempt the river, and we coasted back along it, making for a drift with which I was familiar. On our way we came to a sluit which had to be crossed. Here the water, which was bitterly cold, was just up to my neck. Four journeys, walking or swimming, had to be made to get all the things through dry, as well as the horses; and when, by 5.15, we reached the drift for which we were making, we decided that, in the face of the strong stream running there, and the absence of people, it would be foolhardy to attempt the passage that night.

All this time we had been keeping our eyes open, looking out for possible accommodation, and had seen a deserted kraal, for which we now made. In one of the huts the horses were stabled, while another we selected for ourselves. We were not so fortunate as I had been on a somewhat similar occasion two or three years previous, when, sleeping in a deserted kraal where I was weather-bound, I found an enormous basket of native make, into which I was able to curl myself up comfortably for a bed; but happily we had had lunch at our farmer-friend's, and had with us mackintoshes and biscuits, so that we might have fared much worse.

The next morning we were back again at the Tsitsa by 7.30, and soon succeeded in attracting the attention of a Basuto, who came down to the other side of the river, and held a conversation with us across it. As he informed us that there was too much water for us to attempt to get

over then, but that he would bring us through later, we threw over a sixpence (wrapped up into a large parcel), with which he went up to a store about a mile away, bringing us back a liberal supply of food, which he threw over in the same manner. We made a comfortable breakfast, *al fresco*, and by 11.30 were able to effect our transit. The trader evinced the usual friendliness when we got to his store, returning our money, and giving us tiffin.

The other occasion alluded to was in February 1889, when I was travelling, with a Pandomisi boy, from S. Andrew's to Umtata across country, by a way along which I had never been before. On the 25th, we rode a short distance of eighteen miles, of which the last six were in rain, and were taken in for the night by a trader, who very kindly volunteered to guide us to the river on the following day.

We did not make our start until 7 o'clock on the 26th, and soon were enveloped in a dense fog, which turned into positive rain as we neared the Umzimvubu River. On our way down to this, my friend hired a native guide to take me up to a trader's on the opposite side; and had it not been for him we should have been lost then and there in the thick fog, as we found ourselves trying to lead our horses along a slippery goat-track on the precipitous hill-side. Set right again, we led them down a succession of wooded valleys, the trees often meeting overhead, and the mud being a foot deep or more, till at last we came out on the river, having by that time collected four Pundos, in addition to the guide, to help in the transport.

While the Pundos were engaged in cutting down branches with which to make a raft, my boy succeeded in kindling a fire, in spite of damp wood; and we sat in the mud, under the sopping trees, and thoroughly relished our coffee and lunch.

At last all was ready, and the horses were swum through. This was not effected without difficulty, the stream being

very strong, in spite of the width of the river, and my best horse, being put into the water too low down, was nearly sucked down into an eddy twice, so that he twice made his way back to the bank from which he had been started. The clothes and saddles were then tied on to the raft, which was pushed through the water by a swimmer at either end; and when these had been got through, I found that, instead of swimming ourselves, we also were to be conveyed over the same way, reclining in the water, with one elbow on the raft, and hanging on to it by two uprights at either end.

Dressing in mud and rain was not pleasant; and when this was over, and, before mounting, the four swimmers were paid the sum on which my white friend (who, of course, remained on the other side) had agreed with them, one of them would not be content with his money, and very rudely and importunately demanded more. This I was determined not to give, at any cost; but the situation was not a pleasant one, and I was doubtful how it would end, as my interlocutor showed his temper by throwing logs of wood at his companions because they did not sufficiently back him up. My native guide, hearing the altercation, instead of coming to our assistance, at once started off at a run along a path almost hidden by bush. In fear of losing him, in which case our position would have been hopeless, I called to my boy to follow; and we jumped on our horses, and were agreeably surprised to get away without being followed by several billets of wood.

The remainder of that day's journey was the most tiring that I ever experienced. The weather and the surroundings were so miserable that I could not be surprised when, on our suddenly coming upon a most wretched-looking and filthily dirty Pondo kraal, our guide proposed that we should remain there till the morrow. Even, however, had we been disposed to put up with such accommodation and food as we could have obtained ourselves, it was quite out

of the question for the horses ; so my reply was, that if he did not bring us to the trader's where we hoped to sleep that night, he would get no pay at all. We resumed our weary march, dragging our horses up steep and muddy hills which it was a wonder that they were able to get up at all, scarcely ever able to see more than three or four yards in front of us, often forcing our way through thick bushes or bending low to avoid the overhanging branches of trees, until at last it was all I could do to get along, and my boy, who seemed none the worse for it all, had to lead both the horses. It was an intense relief when in the evening we reached the house of an old bluejacket, now engaged in trade, and were able to exchange our soaked garments for a dry suit, ever so much too large, indeed, but that mattered nothing.

On the following morning we got glimpses of the sun again for the first time in six days—a most extraordinary state of affairs for Kaffraria. Soon enveloped in rain and mist once more, we got along somehow by dint of asking our way whenever we found a kraal or a wayfarer, until in the early part of the afternoon the fog lifted enough to enable me to discern a once familiar landmark, and so to shape our course for Umtata, which we reached at 5.30, having had to strip wholly or partially three times during the day in order to cross the swollen streams. Such experiences have their pleasures even at the time ; and there is always the feeling, verified in each case afterwards—

“ Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”

At S. Andrew's, after a time it became my custom to remain four or five days on each visit. The quiet of the place, and the beauty of the surroundings, were very acceptable ; and it was good for the preacher-in-charge and the surrounding Pondos to feel that they were still in touch with a clergyman. After the Rev. C. D. Tonkin had been

moved from the station, the buildings were at first put in charge of a white man ; and after he left, a Griqua reader came for a time. He in his turn was succeeded by a Fingo preacher, named Kubukeli, who has really done an excellent work in gathering together Sunday by Sunday a large congregation of red Kaffirs, as well as in preaching at outside kraals. At last, on the occasion of one visit, a deputation of the surrounding Pondos came to ask for medicines, and education for their children, which at once gave the desired opportunity for propounding the Bishop's scheme for establishing there a medical mission, worked by a doctor and a priest.

One of my first visits to S. Andrew's, in Kubukeli's time, impressed me very much, in a way that was far from pleasant. After evening was over, while sitting reading in the sitting-room, I became conscious that I was falling a victim to some very voracious fleas. Hoping that they confined their attention to that room only, I retired to my bedroom. There I first tried lying on my bed, and then getting into it, both equally in vain. When the torture became unbearable, I set to work to kill them. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that I must have slaughtered quite fifty, without appearing to make the slightest impression on them. Then I gave up the endeavour in despair, and prepared for passing a night on the veldt. As I was moving about the room, I saw the door cautiously open, and Kubukeli's night-capped head appearing, from which issued the question, in Kaffir, "Is it the fleas?" They must indeed have been bad, considering they had nearly driven the preacher and his wife out of the house, as I now learnt for the first time ! and those that still remained, they reckoned as nothing ! Kubukeli now retired to consult with his wife as to what was best to be done, the upshot being that they made up a bed for me in the vestry of the school-chapel. But it was necessary, the following day, to divest myself three times of all my garments, and

give each separate one a thorough shaking and beating, before I could get rid of all the animals ; and after that, I was careful never to visit S. Andrew's without some of Keating's flea-powder.

A visit to S. Andrew's about a year later gave an illustration of the danger of a missionary praying for rain among a heathen people. On my arrival on September 30, 1889, I learnt from Kubukeli that the Pondos had already been to ask that I would pray for rain, as soon as I came. This is the usual custom in the time of drought : the heathen at once has recourse to the rain-maker, or to the missionary, or perhaps to both, hoping by some means to obtain the commodity that he so much needs. Where the people are not heathen *deliberately*, perpetually shutting their ears to the message which is day by day being preached to them, or of set purpose refusing to look at the Christian lives which are always being lived in their midst, there is much to be said in favour of calling them to such services, or permitting them to be present ; but when, with a clergyman and a Church always ready to hand, they ordinarily neglect both, and only set foot inside God's House once in the year, when they want something of Him, their conduct seems to me to be ominously like making a convenience of God, if the expression may be allowed, and it is hard to see how such a service can be acceptable.

In this case, thinking the Pondos near S. Andrew's fell into the first category, I consented to their request, and a special service of intercession (with a sermon) was held on October 2nd, succeeded very shortly by rain.

It was learnt afterwards that this had been followed by a discussion some days later among the Pondos at a place some distance away as to whose rain this was ! Some, who came from near Palmerton or Emfundisweni, contended that it was Mr. Hargreaves' rain, he being the Wesleyan missionary at the latter place, who had been holding services for a similar purpose at about the same

THE ARCHDEACON'S HUTS.

time. Others, who came from the neighbourhood of S. Andrew's, maintained that a missionary had come from near Umtata (meaning myself) who had produced it. Sigcau, the paramount chief, hearing of the discussion, solved the question by saying that all white men have rain. Herein, then, lies a serious danger: that we should be looked upon as on a par with their own rain-makers, instead of as God's messengers, sent to teach them about the things of the soul.

There had long been a feeling among us missionaries that we needed to be drawn together, and to have more spiritual aids supplied to us, so in 1888 we inaugurated in Griqualand East quarterly clerical meetings at Kokstad, arranged for Retreats there for clergy, and elsewhere for native workers (hitherto they had been held only at Umtata), and commenced to form a clerical lending library at Kokstad.

At S. Cuthbert's, meanwhile, the water-furrow, commenced years ago by Bishop Key, but suspended for want of funds, was completed, doubling or trebling the value of the glebe land, while the wire-fencing was very much extended, and tree-planting was more taken in hand; and finally three good huts were erected for myself at the end of 1888, as the parsonage was about to be lent for a time to a married clergyman.

At this date our happy party was being, or had been, broken up. Stainer was at S. Augustine's, Cross had just gone to S. Patrick's (Gqaqala), and Webber, now in priest's orders, was about to take up his abode at Mount Frere. For the time had now arrived when the parish must inevitably be cut up, if the work was to continue to develop. So in 1889 three new parishes were formed: Mount Ayliff, whither Mr. Dixon went, taking in that place, Fort Donald, the Rode, and the Griquas at Ladykok (who were shortly afterwards scattered by a war with the Pondos); Mount Frere, of which Mr. Webber was placed in charge,

having in his hands the districts of Qumbu and Mount Frere; and S. Augustine's (the old name retained), to which the Rev. P. H. Case, a priest newly arrived from England, and an old friend of my own, was licensed, this parish to include the district of Maclear, and that of Tsolo, with the exception of Umijka, and the Pandomisi location with the station at Ncolosi, which remained in my hands under the name of S. Cuthbert's parish. Mr. and Mrs. Case lived for nine months at Ncolosi, until the former had acquired some idea of the work, and then moved up to Maclear, where they were living when our party left for England.

CHAPTER XI.

REVIEW OF EIGHT YEARS' EXTENSION OF WORK.

It is, of course, unquestionable that the duty of missionary work is absolutely independent of the results that may accrue from it; that the Church can never insist too much upon the principle of carrying out our Lord's parting command, quite apart from personal considerations of love for this man or that, interest in one part or another of the mission-field; that much injury may be done, and perhaps often is done, to the missionary cause by the impatience of those at home who clamour for results until they force the hands of those who are labouring abroad and drive them into a precipitancy by which alone they can purchase continued support; and yet to all this there is another side. We may legitimately test the *methods* of our work by a consideration of results, taking the results in the widest sense, not only of the tangible growth, but also of the preparation for Christ and the gradual leavening of a lump of heathenism.

Let us, then, see, whether from the history of these eight years in Kaffraria we may fairly conclude that—in spite of all our many shortcomings, of hindrances from failure of funds, of errors of judgment and the like—still our methods as a whole are right, and God is in the midst of us, so that we may thank Him and take courage.

Without any doubt, infinitely the most important thing in mission work, far beyond a well-filled exchequer, and noble or convenient buildings, is the living agents. Now a comparison of the roll of clergy at the beginning of 1890

with that at the beginning of 1882 brings to light the following facts. In 1882 there were on the diocesan staff, besides the Bishop, nine priests (one a University man) and eight deacons: at a corresponding date in 1890 there were seventeen priests (five University men) and seven deacons, giving a total of twenty-four, as against seventeen, and the number is still increasing. It is true that we have had, during that period, to mourn the removal by death of our two archdeacons: first, of Henry Tempest Waters, the father of all mission work in Kaffraria, who laboured unweariedly for nearly thirty years in the Transkeian territories, his name a household word through the length and breadth of the land; and then of Thurston Button, the beloved missionary of Clydesdale, one of the most Christian-minded men that our age has seen; both alike *felices opportunitate mortis*, in that they died in harness; and after them of the head of the diocese, Henry Callaway, its first bishop, who gave up a lucrative practice in London to go forth as a missionary to Natal, where he did so much both for native translation work and for the native ministry, continuing his labours after his elevation to the Episcopate, until increasing infirmities led to the demand for a coadjutor in 1882-83, and his resignation in 1886, and culminated in his death in 1890; true that, immediately after the period that I have taken for my eight years' retrospect, the diocese was deprived of the invaluable services of William Mouat Cameron, who may be truly said to have made the College; but we do not doubt that the prayers of all these, of those who are in Paradise not one whit less (nay, surely more) than his who is still in the flesh, are perpetually going up for the country where they laboured, and that in no small degree it is through their intercessions that the stream of clergy (though still far too few) *labitur et labetur*. Where in 1882 there was not one clergyman of our Church between Ncolosi and Kokstad, there are now, on the lower road, two white priests, one native priest, and

THE AUGUSTA MEMORIAL SCHOOL, UMTATA.

one native deacon, on the upper road two white priests: where in February 1882 the hamlets in Tembuland and the Transkei, saving only S. Mark's, had not one resident clergyman, now both Butterworth and Cala are the homes of priests of our Church.

Or mark how women's work has developed. At the beginning of 1882 there was one lady engaged in scholastic work at Umtata: there are now six at Umtata in charge of schools and hospital, and three at Kokstad. Through their instrumentality the hospital work, under its zealous missionary doctor, D. W. Johnston, has enormously developed; and here again we may say that the number is still increasing.

Of the number of native catechists and teachers no comparative figures are at hand, but it is quite certain that, as the work has extended, so must their numbers have increased as well.

We are struck by the same great phenomenon of development if we consider the church building that has taken place. In this the archdeaconry of S. Mark's has set a praiseworthy example. In eight years, churches for white congregations have been built at Umtata, Port S. John's, Butterworth, Idutwya, Cala, Engcobo, and Umtentu; while at the north-east end of the diocese, the Umzimkulu district can point to the Townsend Memorial Church, and Zuurberg and Glengarry chapels. The air over the rest of the diocese is filled with the sound of church-building. A church has been commenced at Kokstad, tenders have been called for at Matatiela, and funds are being raised for Maclear and Mount Frere, as well as for a memorial church at S. Mark's, at the far west end of Kaffraria. Here again, through ignorance of all that has been done, I am compelled to omit mention of all the numerous native churches and chapels that have been erected; although some, such as that at All Saints, are fine substantial buildings. This great work is being carried on, *not by diocesan funds*,

which were available for only two or three of the places named, but by local effort in the main, backed up by the generous help of the S.P.C.K., and, in many cases, of the "Churchwomen's Association" of Scotland.

At Umtata the two-storeyed girls' school has been built during this period by special funds given to Bishop Callaway, and a house has been purchased for a girls' school at Kokstad by private benefaction. So that, whereas eight years ago there were no Church girls' boarding-schools, there are now two at the two great centres—one for white girls, the other containing the two departments of white and native work. Both are flourishing, and the latter, though in a large building which has already been once enlarged, is so rapidly outgrowing its habitation, that a fresh extension of some kind or another has become an imperative necessity.

We may look again at the hospital. Eight years since it consisted of one (or two) verandah rooms; it is now composed of two houses, which, with their seven rooms, can comfortably accommodate fourteen native and two white patients.

In close connection with this, and indeed an outcome of it, due mainly to the representations of Dr. Johnston, must be mentioned the new departure (new for this diocese) that is being made in the way of medical missions, thanks once more to the ready help of the S.P.C.K. A doctor and a priest are about to take up their abode at S. Andrew's, in Pondoland East (the station commenced by Bishop Callaway, where he once thought to make his home), and thence work among Sigcau's independent people; while at the present moment W. Vice is beginning a medical course in Edinburgh, with the hope of eventually returning as a duly qualified medical missionary to tend to and evangelise Umqweliso's people in Pondoland West.

Nor is it a point of least importance that the finance of the diocese, weak as it still is, has been put on a firmer

basis than ever it was before ; and that of the total income available for religious and educational purposes by the Church of the diocese, one quarter is raised locally, in apparently about equal proportions by whites and natives.

It is a matter of regret that statistics are not at hand here in England showing the number of baptisms and confirmations in a year. Taking, however, the report of *one parish*, where the work was mixed, for 1887 and 1888, we find in the former year—Children baptized, 102 ; adults, 21 ; confirmed, 74 ; and in the latter—Children baptized, 138 ; adults, 35 ; confirmed, 77.

At this date there were eight parishes in active occupancy, omitting those of S. Andrew's and Port S. John's, which were vacant. In some of these, such as S. Mark's, the numbers would doubtless be considerably larger than those quoted above, and in others they would be less, so that the statistics which I have given may be taken as representing a fair average annual parochial work under those heads, and, multiplied by eight, would convey a fair idea of the annual tangible growth throughout the diocese. Of course, in very many cases, at first starting the development must be very slow, and the work is confined to breaking up the ground.

But, after all, this is only the shell—the visible outside. Far more important is the question—Is the outside a fair index of the inside ? Do baptisms really work a perceptible regeneration, and confirmations a perceptible strengthening ? Are Christian Kaffirs better than heathen Kaffirs—purer, more sober, more industrious, more honest, better citizens—or are they not ? For, if not, surely again (while the duty to evangelise, and after evangelisation, to edify, remains absolutely untouched) the methods must be at fault somewhere or other. And if the Christian Kaffir is, all round, a better man than the heathen Kaffir, how are we to account for the strong prejudice that undoubtedly exists in many colonial minds against missions and missionaries ?

The subject has been dealt with by the present Bishop of S. John's from one side in a most able and interesting paper, which appeared in the *Mission Chronicle of the Scottish Episcopal Church*, No. LII., entitled, "Our Converts: are they the better for their Christianity?" The words of one the whole of whose working life has been spent in Kaffraria, cannot but command the most respectful attention; and it is remarkable to find that my own conclusions, arrived at after careful observation and consultation with Kaffrarian laity, but never with the Bishop, are fortunate enough to coincide entirely with the far greater experience of his Lordship.

The question of the prejudice sometimes entertained against missionaries—a few words about which will be found in the *Mission Chronicle of the Scottish Episcopal Church*, No. LI.—may be passed over here; and we may proceed at once to consider the character of our converts, and the native Christians of the second generation.

But, first, is it not the case that the existence of a strong (though by no means universal) colonial public opinion against missionary work, must *ipso facto* condemn it, and falsify the statements that are about to be advanced?

By no means: for there is a very tangible ground for the feeling, with which we may deal first; and in the second place, it is open to the gravest doubt whether those who condemn missionary work and its apparent results among the natives, have the very slightest knowledge of that of which they are talking.

Now, generally speaking (it must be remembered that there are many notable exceptions), the average white layman in such a country as Kaffraria, and the missionary, start from entirely different points of view. The former holds firmly that the white is, *per se*, better than the native; that the former is, and is to remain, the dominant class; that the latter belongs to an inferior race, and is to be kept in his place, which is to serve as a hewer of wood

and a drawer of water: in fact, the white layman, intensely republican and democratic with reference to those of his own colour, is in reality in most cases a strenuous supporter of an oligarchy. The missionary, on the other hand, is in danger of running into the opposite extreme: taking as his starting-point the truth that all souls are equally precious in the sight of God, and, after a while, adding on to this his experimental knowledge that the Kaffir is in no whit behind the Englishman in intellectual capacities and gentlemanly instinct, he runs the risk of being driven, by the force of a natural reaction, into thinking too much of the natives, and too little of his own fellow-countrymen.

Of course, stated crudely, as it is stated here, the first of these two theories seems startling and revolting, and in many cases there can be little doubt that it is held quite unconsciously; but if, until recently, we English were inclined to look down upon all foreigners, it can readily be understood that this feeling becomes accentuated and exaggerated when we have to deal with those whose colour is now generally looked upon as a badge of servitude, and who are, at present, confessedly far behind us in civilisation. The Bantu races may be held to represent the Saxons in the time of the First and Second Williams, while the white races stand for the Normans.

Now the ordinary "red Kaffir"—that is, the native who has never been brought into close contact with civilisation—who has acquired no education, and learnt nothing of religion, accepts his position: not so the ordinary "school Kaffir." There are no forces in the world so levelling, viewed from certain points of view, as education and Christianity, as Europe has learnt again and again. So is it with the school Kaffir: he is struggling upwards; he knows alike from tradition and history that he has a prior right in the soil to the white man; he is conscious in himself of abilities which have already won a reputation for some of his fellow-countrymen; he has learnt from the

Bible that although rule and authority come from God, and are therefore to be respected and obeyed, yet there is also in God's sight an inherent brotherhood of men; he has perhaps caught mutterings of socialism and communism which come from European lands; and just because he finds that he is not treated off the mission station with the courtesy to which he thinks (and perhaps quite rightly) that he is entitled, he asserts himself sometimes, it may be, unduly. That self-assertion is never pleasant: nor is the transition stage in the history of a nation more attractive than it is in the history of the individual: nor yet again does the dominant class care to see its position, as it thinks, imperilled. These are the sentiments which are really at the bottom of much of the unintelligent dislike to missions and mission natives.

But it would be very unfair to think that this was all: that none of those who declaim against missions have more to say for themselves than this. There are not a few who would say that, of their own knowledge, they have found the Christian native less honest, less industrious, less sober, less pure, than the heathen native; and that that is the reason why they prefer to draw their servants from red Kaffirs rather than from school Kaffirs.

Now where have our critics been brought into contact with these people whom they condemn? They would tell you that they have become acquainted with them on farms or in towns. Then may be put the further question, Who are these natives who migrate into the towns, and who go out to service? I asked a trader once to tell me from his fifteen years' experience of mission stations, what sort of people he had observed going out to service? His reply was, that it was hardly ever the communicants who went, but usually the riff-raff of the station, school natives rather than Christians. In fact, in the present condition of Kaffrarian towns, and until the servant question has been more taken up by masters and mistresses, and (it must also be

added) until the Church has learnt better how to deal with natives in towns—as she is learning to do at Umtata, by the labours of a Fingo, the Rev. J. James—we missionaries would never allow our people either to go out to service or to go down to towns if we could possibly prevent it. The Bishop, whose experience is unrivalled, is emphatic on the point that, as a rule, Christian natives neither go out to service nor go to the towns ; and a very careful observation of my own native stations during the years through which I have been connected with the work, has led me, quite independently, to a precisely similar conclusion. There are, of course, exceptions, but we are dealing with the generality.

In fact, in the present condition of affairs, to go out to service is contrary to the genius of the Kaffir nation. They are a people living at home on their own lands, leading a pastoral and agricultural life, having few wants, and those such as they can satisfy without leaving their homes. In brief, they are, for all practical purposes, in the position of peasant-proprietors on a small scale, and prefer their independent home life to the attractions of the moderate (but quite sufficient) wages offered by employers of labour, coupled with continuous employment. It is probable that the great demand for native labour at the goldfields, joined with the very high pay offered, may change all this ; but we are not now dealing with the future, but with the past and present.

The ordinary white layman, then, does not usually come in contact with native Christians at all. The “school natives” whom he meets are, in the majority of cases, not baptized, for “school Kaffir” and “Christian Kaffir” are by no means synonymous terms. On almost all mission stations—it is a fact, perhaps, much to be regretted—there will be found living a certain number of heathen. They are related to some of the Christian residents, and thus have been received themselves, or they have fled to the

station as a sanctuary, after having been smelt out. (I have been told that two large Wesleyan stations, near which I have often passed, are in large measure composed of people of the latter class.) These men are, in all external respects, like the Christians. They are clothed, attend service, send their children to school, and probably it is only their clergy who know that they are unbaptized. They have most likely received a smattering of education, and yet have not the special gift of God's Holy Spirit to enable them to use it rightly; and perhaps the most deplorable of all things is a purely secular education, knowledge without godliness. When the Christian Kaffirs are condemned, in nine cases out of ten, I believe, it would be found that it was really non-Christian school Kaffirs on whom the condemnation was being passed.

And beyond that, may we not fairly protest against *Kaffir town life* being taken as a fair criterion of *Kaffir life*? To select a sphere, confessedly full of enormous temptations, confessedly totally different from all to which the native has been accustomed, and one with which missionaries plainly acknowledge that they have not yet learnt how to deal; and because Kaffirs fall just there where there is most of sin and least of Christianity, to condemn Christianity among the Kaffirs? How would it be if we applied this train of reasoning to white people?

Certainly it is noteworthy that magistrates, who may be considered to be unprejudiced, who are white people themselves, and who have probably a better opportunity of forming a sound judgment than any one else, are almost, if not quite, invariably well-disposed towards mission work.

We contend, then, not that the work going on among our Kaffirs is perfect, or that their characters are perfect, but that the work is real, and the character a far higher and more useful one than that of the heathen.

These features may be noted. First of all, loyalty. This is a point on which I cannot speak of my own know-

ledge, because no wars between whites and natives have taken place since 1882; but the history of the last war, of 1880, is a striking instance of the loyalty of Christian natives, and the Bishop of S. John's bears strong testimony to it in *Mission Chronicle* No. LII.

Again, it is the Christian who is the industrious man. I have already compared the homesteads of Christians and heathens. I might point also to another fact which has often struck me, that the heathen are inveterate beggars to the highest pitch of shamelessness; not so the Christians. Immediately around me at S. Cuthbert's lives a Christian native congregation, and beyond them lies a huge mass of heathen. I recall very well how one year, when there was a partial failure of the crops, not a day passed without some of the heathen Pandomisi coming to beg from me, crying that they were starving; and yet during that same time not one of the Christians (drawn from all tribes) came to ask me for any help, although they had suffered equally. It was not only that they had more self-respect, but also that they had laboured more, and so had more to fall back upon. And yet these same Christians have many more payments to make than the heathen, for they have to provide Church contributions, and to procure decent dresses for themselves and their children. It is their greater industry which enables them to do this.

As regards personal honesty, I do not know that there is much to choose between the heathen and the Christian; I should readily trust either, as a rule; our doors generally remain unlocked by night, and large sums of money are constantly sent by hand when quarter-day arrives. But it is notorious that the stock-lifting, which embitters the white farmer so much against the native, is essentially a heathen's and not a Christian's sin.

The attention given to sermons, and the way in which they are acted on, is certainly remarkable. I recollect on one occasion preaching at the Tsitsana on the duty of

parents towards their children. While emphasising the point that a secular education was not sufficient, but that children must also be habituated to going to Church, I noticed a small boy at the far end of the building going out. My first thought was that the boy could not understand my Kaffir, and was going out from weariness; but in a moment I saw him return, bringing in with him two or three children who had been outside—a very practical carrying out of what he had heard. A more noteworthy instance of this occurred at S. Cuthbert's. In the course of the Sunday sermon stress had been laid upon the duty of paying debts *promptly*. On the following day, being uncertain whether a right word had been used in one place, I asked the catechist about it. He immediately replied that the people had fully understood all that was said, and that, as a result, one man had come to him that morning and discharged a debt.

Attendance at Church, frequentation of the sacraments, carrying children thirty miles to have them baptized: these are facts pleasing and encouraging, and constantly to be noted.

On the question of purity, it is obvious that much cannot be said. The Christian, however, recognises that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that impurity is a deadly sin—an idea which is utterly foreign to the heathen. Many of them are co-operating earnestly with the Bishop and clergy in their efforts to establish and spread the Guild of S. Mary and the Guild of S. Titus, for cultivating and developing this virtue, which is almost unknown to their heathen fellow-countrymen.

With temperance, as with purity, we must acknowledge that the state of affairs is very far indeed from being what we should like to see, for it is only now that our Christians are beginning to understand that immoderate drinking (especially prevalent with Kaffir beer), as distinct from drunkenness, is also wrong. But it is from the mission

stations that efforts are being made to check intemperance, and it is the heathen, and not the Christians, who spend a large portion of their life in doing nothing but going from kraal to kraal looking for Kaffir beer.

We believe, then, that the progress is very real; that there is not only an outside show, but a genuine building up of the Church of Christ.

And yet, though when we look back we may thank God and take courage, as we look around or forward we are appalled at all that yet remains to be done—470,000 heathen to be evangelised!—that alone would be much, but that is only one item in the great account. The College has to be completed at the cost of £1000. This, it is to be hoped, may be done as a fitting memorial to the late Bishop Callaway. But when that is finished, it is imperative that the Augusta School should be enlarged; and the building of a proper Cathedral has long been a desideratum. If the European work in Griqualand East is to flourish as it should do, a good public school at Kokstad is a real necessity. Then, when we turn to finance, we find that only half the Bishopric Endowment has been completed, only £5000 out of £10,000; and yet again, for the clergy of the diocese, excepting £70 per annum for a theological tutor, and glebes given by native chiefs at S. Mark's, Umtata, S. Cuthbert's, and Clydesdale, there are no endowments whatsoever, but all are living from hand to mouth, dependent on annual grants or very variable contributions. Surely here is a list of objects which may well appeal to the charity of those at home who have the means of furthering with their purses the Master's last command.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL POSITION OF S. JOHN'S, AND THE QUESTION OF THE SUPPLY OF MISSIONARIES.

It has seemed to me that it would not be devoid of interest if a few words were added on the ecclesiastical position of S. John's.

S. John's is one of the group of dioceses which form the ecclesiastical province of South Africa, of which the Bishop of Capetown is Metropolitan. These dioceses are, at present, eight in number (although it is probable that at the next Provincial Synod new ones will be formed), *i.e.*, Capetown, Grahamstown, S. John's, Maritzburg, Zululand (a missionary bishopric up to this date), inland Bloemfontein and Pretoria, while the total is made up by the island see of S. Helena. Each diocese is subsidised by the S.P.G., which makes annual grants varying in extent from £385 to the diocese of S. Helena, to £3206 to that of Grahamstown. These Block Grants are distributed locally by the various Diocesan Finance Boards to the S.P.G. missionaries in the dioceses, and a statement of the distribution is sent home to the Parent Society.

The diocese of S. John's is also helped—very liberally, if we consider the size of the Scotch Church—by the Episcopal Communion north of the Tweed ; indeed, this diocese (along with Chanda) forms her special mission. It was the Scotch Church which, through the action mainly of the late Bishop Cotterill, first of Grahamstown and then of Edinburgh, came forward to guarantee the stipend for a Bishop of Independent Kaffraria ; and it was by her Bishops that

Dr. Callaway was consecrated in Scotland, the missionary bishopric thus formed being afterwards formally incorporated into the South African Province. The subsidies from the Scotch Church vary in amount: in addition to the Bishop's stipend of £500, about £300 or £400 is usually voted to the General Kaffrarian Fund. This, however, by no means represents all the help that is given to us by Scotland. Considerable sums are appropriated to various individual missionaries, and the Scottish Church Women's Association, both by means of mission-boxes and by grants of money, renders most invaluable aid.

The Cape Government, again, makes liberal grants to schoolmasters and teachers; and about £300 a year is received in English subscriptions for the Kaffrarian Church Fund. To meet these various sums, the diocese raises some £2500 locally, and subscriptions or donations to particular parishes bring up the whole receipts of the diocese normally to £10,000 or £11,000 for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. Out of this, clergy, catechists, teachers, &c., have to be paid; churches, parsonages, schools, built and kept in repair; boarding-schools maintained—in fact, the whole machinery and working of a diocese which is not much smaller than Scotland carried on.

The Provincial Synod ordinarily meets once in seven years, thus giving time for two or three meetings of the Diocesan Synods in the intervals. In the Provincial Synod, as in the Diocesan, duly elected lay members sit, as well as clergy. These lay members must be communicants: the term communicant being defined in the constitution to be one who "shall have received the Holy Communion three times at least during the preceding year, at the hands of some clergyman, either of the Church of this Province, or of some other Church in communion with the same."

The South African Church, as one of the Churches of the Anglican Communion, "receives the Doctrine, Sacraments, and Discipline of Christ, as the same are contained and

commanded in Holy Scripture, according as the Church of England has set forth the same in its Standards of Faith and Doctrine; and it receives the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to be used, according to the form therein prescribed, in public prayer and administration of the Sacraments and other Holy Offices; and it accepts the English Version of the Holy Scriptures as appointed to be read in Churches; and, further, it disclaims for itself the right of altering any of the aforesaid Standards of Faith and Doctrine."

Thus the daughter Church deliberately affirms her oneness with the mother, and deliberately binds herself down to that continued unity. On the other hand, she no less carefully vindicates her spirituality by the statement—

"Provided, also, that in the interpretation of the aforesaid Standards and Formularies the Church of this Province be not held to be bound by decisions, in questions of Faith and Doctrine, or in questions of Discipline relating to Faith or Doctrine, other than those of its own Ecclesiastical Tribunals, or of such other Tribunal as may be accepted by the Provincial Synod as a Tribunal of Appeal."

It is interesting to see how certain difficulties which arise in England are dealt with in the unestablished Colonial Church.

The question of criminous clerks is met as follows. Any clergyman to be admitted to any office in the Church of the Province has to make and subscribe before the Bishop a declaration, undertaking, among other things, to accept and immediately submit to any sentence depriving him of any or all the rights and emoluments appertaining to his office which may at any time be passed upon him, after due examination had, by any Tribunal acknowledged by the Provincial Synod for the trial of a clergyman. Saving all rights of Appeal allowed by the said Provincial Synod.

Now, as any Bishop or Clergyman of the Province may be presented for trial on charges for the following offences—

1. Crime or immorality.
2. Heresy or false doctrine.
3. Violation of any Law or Canon of the Church of the Province.
4. Wilful contravention of the Rules and Regulations either of the Provincial Synod or of the Diocesan Synod of the Diocese in which he holds office.
5. Neglect of the duties of his office, or conduct giving just cause of scandal or offence.

And as the Clerk so presented has already undertaken to accept the judgment of the ecclesiastical tribunal, it is at once obvious that the matter has become comparatively easy.

The question of patronage has not yet come prominently to the front in the diocese of S. John's, although there can be little doubt that it will most naturally do so as endowments and kindred benefactions become more frequent. At present all the patronage lies in the Bishop's hands, except in the case of two parishes: in one, where half the stipend is guaranteed by the people, the appointment rests jointly with the Bishop and Vestry; in the other, where a Church has been given and half the stipend is guaranteed by the people, the right of presentation, guarded as in Provincial Canon 12, has for the present been given.

From speaking of institution and patronage, we pass naturally to the burning question of foreign missions: How is the supply of clergy to be maintained?

The first and most obvious way is by the formation of that which is now considered as one of the best recognised needs of such work, a native ministry. That such must be our goal is a matter of common sense; and perhaps few dioceses have so thoroughly thrown themselves into the work, first under Bishop Callaway, who ordained the first native priest in South Africa, and then under his successor, the present diocesan. A roll of two native priests and

seven native deacons is a living testimony to the fruit of their efforts, and of the Theological Tutor and Warden of the College.

On the other hand, there is another side to the picture. There is a great difference between the African tribes, whose education and civilisation is still immature, and the nations with whom the Apostles came into contact, or those with whom the Church has to deal in the ancient historic empires and countries of the East, who have centuries of the inherited ideas of civilisation helping to mould their characters, a habituation to theological ideas, albeit of an erroneous type, and who have perhaps acquired by means of philosophy natural virtues of self-restraint. With the Kaffirs, all these things are as yet in their infancy; and it must be long before the Native Church can stand entirely alone, if she is neither to sink into lethargy on the one hand, nor, on the other, let her zeal outrun her discretion. The Kaffrarian Church has indeed been fortunate in her first priest, one who is a noble instance of what a Kaffir priest may be, even in the first generation of Christianity, and we may fairly hope that before long other native priests may be added to the two already working in Fingoland and Pondomisiland; but it may be thought that *festina lente* should be our motto, if we look forward to entirely withdrawing, within a comparatively short time, all our white clergy.

It is also a fact that at present not a few natives much prefer as their pastors Europeans rather than those of their own colour, possibly, in some cases, from unworthy motives, but also at times for valid reasons, which brings us back again to the same point, that, both for the present and the future, there will be—in addition to the native clergy, many of whom will probably not pass beyond the diaconate—a large demand for white clergy.

Now there are ready to hand white persons who have the inherited characteristics of Europeans, and yet who,

having grown up in the country, are entirely in touch with the natives, understand their character, their modes of thought, are as familiar with their language as with their own mother tongue. It is from among the colonial boys of Kaffraria, as it seems to me, that we must look for the present for some of our best missionaries, if only they can be given such an education as England alone can give—the public school education, followed by the university life and the theological college, all moulded together in the atmosphere of antiquities, and the reverence which attaches to that which is old, as well as of godliness and a sound public opinion, which belongs to a nation that is avowedly Christian.

As Kaffraria has been in the van in raising up a native ministry, so she has not been behindhand in her endeavours to obtain a colonial priesthood. One of her first archdeacons was a colonial man, and the huge work of S. Mark's, as well as the combined parishes of S. Albans and All Saints, are in the hands of men who hail respectively from Natal and Kaffraria. In the present generation there are "at home," preparing for a missionary life in the country from which they have come—one in Edinburgh about to enter on a medical course to qualify himself for a medical missionary; one about to go to Oxford after finishing a school course of the highest promise; one still at school with a hopeful future before him. Behind these there comes to the mind the figure of another, still at Umtata, in employment there, putting by as much money as he can save yearly to facilitate his coming to England at an early date.

In the present, then, we must look much to colonial agents, as well as to natives, if there is to be an unfailing source of missionaries in Kaffraria. But just as with the former there are difficulties of one class, so with the latter arise difficulties of another nature, mainly financial. Those who might become good and able priests of the Church

have at times to be let slip because there are no funds available for their adequate education.

But neither natives nor colonists are likely, for many years, to supply us with all that we need in the way of candidates for ordination; so that it is not possible (even if it were desirable, which is open to grave doubt) to dispense with the assistance of missionaries from home, whether men from S. Augustine's and the other missionary colleges which give a valuable special education, or men fresh from the university or theological college, or others who are already in holy orders.

And now we come to the prime difficulty. How are such men to be paid? It is with the greatest labour and most careful financing that it is possible to carry on the present work. How can it be possible to extend it without fresh funds? And yet extension is an absolute necessity if the heathen are to be evangelised and the Christians kept in the faith; and fresh ordained helpers for our clergy are absolutely needful if they themselves are not to collapse under a burden which is far too heavy for them, and if their work is to be consolidated.

Is there not a way ready to hand, which the authorities at home are beginning to recognise, but which needs further development and organisation?

The native missionary work in Kaffraria may be said to be twofold: that which belongs to the central station of each parish, including the organisation of the whole district, and the evangelisation of the heathen around. For this, knowledge of the work, of the people, and of the language are requisite. Besides this, there is the itineration from one Christian station to another, involving the various duties which have been glanced at before, and which may, for ordinary visits, be summed up in—examination of school, baptizing, celebrating, preaching, examination of classes, and instruction of Church workers.

It is with no thought of derogating from the value and

importance of such work that I style it routine work ; but because it can be comparatively easily acquired, and runs on in much the same course station by station. It is work *most necessary* for the welfare of the Church, work most precious in the sight of God ; and, in the paucity of priests at present, it is work which has necessarily to monopolise almost the whole of our time, to the great loss and apparent neglect of the central station, the general organisation of the parish, and the heathen. And yet, at the same time, it is work which could be done without the special qualifications which are needful for the other, which demands a far wider and deeper knowledge of local circumstances and life. A six weeks' or two months' careful study of the language will, in ordinary cases, enable the English priest to celebrate and take other services in Kaffir intelligibly and intelligently ; for all other matters, where speaking is a requisite, the services of an interpreter may be employed (as is done in the magistrates' offices) when a Christian congregation is being dealt with ; while the individual treatment of souls can be left to the senior missionary in charge, who would still make a point of visiting every station in person quarterly.

A layman, or a deacon, is—for the purpose spoken of now—comparatively useless. The great cry is for assistant priests. They must be in priests' orders, so that they may be able to celebrate the Holy Communion, and thus supply the constantly recurring need at the various stations : at the same time, they should be young, so that they may be the better able to acquire, at any rate in some degree, the language, and because thus they are less likely to have wives and families to be supported. In using this language, let it not be thought that an absolute clerical celibacy is being advocated—as a matter of fact, it may well be urged that we need married missionaries as well as celibates ; but, on the other hand, we need the latter as well as the former, and, where funds are so very scarce, and the harvest-field

is so wide, we must have regard to expenditure. It is quite fair, under the terms of the missionary charter of the one Church, for the daughter abroad out of her poverty to appeal, first to her own children, and then to the mother at home, for support for the labourer who is worthy of his hire; but it may well be asked, Is it fair that she should tax others, in the face of the pressing needs of humanity everywhere, for the support not only of a wife, who indeed may be and often is a labourer, and an excellent labourer too, but also for the support of a large family of children, for whom no other provision is made, by endowment, private benefaction, or personal means? Older missionaries, indeed, have their fixed salaries on which they have been able to marry: well, often, for them, and for the diocese to which they can show the picture of Christian domestic life, and to which they may be supplying in the present a valuable unpaid worker in the person of the wife (our own diocese gives examples of many such), and may supply in the future valuable colonial priests in the persons of their children (and here again Kaffraria may be pointed to): for these we may thank God: but now we are speaking not of the past, but of the present and the future, a present certainly marked by appalling needs and terrible want of means. In such straits as these no choice is left us: *we must cut our coats according to our cloth.*

What, then, might be done from home to help us is this: to send out young men in priests' orders, who have served their first two years since admission into the diaconate, to help the more experienced missionaries as assistant priests: these men to remain abroad for three years, working during that time for bare subsistence, not for a salary, and remaining during that time (surely it is not much to ask) unmarried for the sake of God: their service abroad to count as service at home, with a view to any preferment that they might have bestowed upon them, and their old diocese to welcome them back again on their return. To

us in the mission-field the gain would be enormous and obvious; to those who thus came out to work with us for a time the advantage of the foreign experience, the wider views of life, the readier handling of men of all sorts, would be great; to the Church at home the benefits that would accrue would be none the less, for every returned missionary would kindle in his new sphere of work fresh missionary zeal, and that must necessarily react upon the home work: the parish that does most for foreign missions does also most for home needs.

If such a plan as this is ever to be realised—supposing, that is, it is worth realisation—its execution must depend upon two classes of people—the Bishops of England, and the mothers of England. It is a certain fact that not a few priests are ready to go abroad, if they were only asked to do so by one with the authority of our Fathers in God; and it is highly probable that many others would be quite ready to go if they were *sent* by those who are the generals of the great Church army. There is latent in the Church of England a spirit of love of discipline, and of obedience to orders in many quarters, only waiting for, yes, and often longing for, those orders, to be called into action.

But if there are any people in England who are responsible for the fewness of missionary workers, it is the relations and friends of those who wish to go abroad. Here, again, it is no theory constructed in the sphere of fiction that is being broached, but simply a fact learnt by sad experience that is being stated. Is it not extraordinary that parents who think it (and that quite rightly) an honour for their sons to wear Her Majesty's uniform, and as officers in the naval and military services to go abroad, should think that the one thing to be avoided in this world is for their sons to become missionaries? Is it not still more marvellous that they will readily let them go out to scenes and occupations and manners of life far removed from home, and full of great temptations, because there may be riches in store for

them there, but when they wish to take the crusaders' cross upon their shoulders, and go forth to wrest, not the sepulchre of a dead Lord, but the heritage of a living Lord from the infidel, then, and then only, they will stretch out their hands and pull them back?

If it is impossible to expect English mothers to bring up their sons with the missionary idea, to dedicate them from their birth to that Christlike life, to foster the thought in them as they grow up; if they deliberately will to be behind Jewish mothers, at least we may ask that they will not stand in the way of their sons giving themselves to foreign service. Some such there are—thank God for it—who, at the cost of whatever anguish, have cheerfully sent out their sons without a murmur: let their number be multiplied an hundredfold. But if the mothers will spare their sons, then *à fortiori* should the fathers and other relations and friends be willing to let them go.

The question of the supply of missionary clergy is a vital one for the Church at large. It is not only quantity that is needed, but also—as is strongly urged by those who preside over S. Augustine's College, Burgh, Warminster, and the other missionary colleges which have formed some of the most efficient clergy who are working abroad, and as is felt perhaps yet more strongly by those who have all the phenomena of mission life before their eyes—quality that is demanded. If it is hard to be a good clergyman at home, far harder is it to be so abroad.

For the ideal missionary, linguistic powers are at least a great desideratum, if not an essential. Through the medium of interpreters much may be done, and yet there can never be that fulness of intercourse which there ought to be between pastor and people. And if the literature of the country is to be formed, there must be white men, conversant with the full meaning of English, realising thoroughly the signification of theological terms, who shall at the same time be adepts in the native language, to

translate, to adapt, and to compose. Far more is required than mere Bible and Prayer-Book: there must be manuals and class-books also.

Again, if the quality of "enduring hardness" is requisite anywhere, it is so in the mission field. Not that the life there, in such countries as Kaffraria, is hard; in many ways few lives can be pleasanter, or healthier, or freer from danger; and yet there is need of endurance for the perpetual journeyings to and fro on the part of those to whose lot they fall (for they do not fall equally to all), and also of self-denial, that every doit that can be spared from the bare necessities of life may be put to the extension of the work of God.

Then the missionary who works in a colonial or semi-colonial diocese must be a man of sound education. He will have to live and work under a scathing fire of criticism; men will carefully weigh his statements; they will be quite ready to mete out to his education and training the respect that they may deserve, and equally ready to despise the lack of those qualifications. The atmosphere is republican in a sense, and critical. There are perhaps, in proportion to the whole community, more who are tinged with free-thought in a free-thinking country abroad than there are at home in conservative England. Outward conformity to religion is not equally *de règle* in the wilds as it is in the circles of a civilisation of eighteen centuries. Men are quite ready and willing to hear and be convinced, but they will not be convinced by the preaching of foolishness or the claims of ignorance.

And where to each small community there is but one church and one clergyman, the latter must be a man of tact and of some breadth of view, lest by needlessly insisting upon what are not essentials, he drive away into schism, or repel from the frequentation of the sacraments, some of the flock committed to his charge. As in England, so in South Africa, are there to be found representatives of

different schools of religious thought; but in the latter country there is no choice of churches in one town representing those various schools, so that the need of tact and consideration and careful discrimination between what are principles and what are non-essentials is infinitely greater abroad.

Yet once more, the missionary must be a man of sound judgment. How many questions will come before him for solution of the greatest difficulty—some which must be solved in isolation, without the help of mutual counsel and advice; some which must be solved almost on the instant; some involving in them issues of the highest importance, with which the fate of whole tribes, at times almost of churches, may be bound up; some for which there is absolutely no experience in the past to guide him; some about which he cannot but feel that there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Save for the help of the Holy Spirit of wisdom, the missionary might well deem that his task was an utterly hopeless one.

And if he is to succeed with the native tribes, above all things he must have the gift of sympathy. Without this, endurance, eloquence, free-handedness, linguistic powers, will profit him nothing. Sympathy is the key to the native mind.

Above all, the priest abroad, even more than the priest at home, needs depth of spirituality. More, for his life is to be lived, in a great measure, in isolation; he will not have the help of frequent communings with his brother priests; he will not enjoy the opportunities of constant retreats; he will be called to pass a large part of his time among the heathen, that is, among people of a lower moral standard, and no spiritual standard whatsoever. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Only the "man of God."

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME MISSIONARY PROBLEMS.

A FEW words may be added on some of the chief missionary problems which arise for solution ; some of them involving points so intricate, and on which so great a divergence of opinion may and does exist, that the question has to be debated again and again before a final decision can be arrived at ; some of them affecting the conversion of the heathen, others again the edification of the faithful.

The two greatest obstacles to the evangelisation of the Kaffirs are probably these—polygamy, and the tribal feeling. The latter is mainly interesting now as a piece of history ; as giving one of the reasons why the progress of conversion among the Kaffirs has not been more rapid, and why there has been so notable a difference in this respect between the Fingoes and the Kaffirs properly so called.

The “tribal feeling” is briefly this : the feeling that the man gained to Christianity is lost to the tribe—a sentiment which has evoked against Christianity all the force of patriotism. The origin of this most unfortunate misconception would seem to lie in the following circumstances. Generally the missionary has been the pioneer, as has been said before : after him has followed ultimately the white Government : he himself has perhaps not unfrequently spoken of himself as a Government man, and the Government officials have claimed him as one of their children, so that the missionary comes to be identified with the idea of the passing away of native dominion and rule, and equally with

him his followers, that is, the professors of Christianity, are considered to have thrown in their lot with an alien system and sovereignty. It is also a fact that the greater number of native Christians are not Kaffirs at all, but Fingoes; men who have accepted European ideas in a very large measure, and have learnt to look up to the Government as their chief; men, moreover, who are looked upon to a certain extent as renegades to their own colour and nationality on this very account, so that to become a Christian is often considered tantamount to joining with these men. The notion, also, that Christianity implies an allegiance to a new chief, and repudiation of ancient loyalty, has probably been fostered to a certain extent by the mission station system, in which the missionary becomes, as it were, a kind of headman, granting permission to settlers to come and reside on the mission land, giving out gardens, settling disputes, and the like. In a certain degree, also, the feeling is true and unavoidable; for the acceptance of Christianity must at times lead to disobedience to the native chief in those customs and commands which are contrary to religion. Through such causes as these the feeling seems to have had its origin.

It is true, as has been said, that the difficulty is now mainly a historical one of the past, because all the various tribes in Kaffraria have come under colonial rule except the Pondos. And there is now the counteracting feeling, to which allusion has already been made, that education is a necessity for the rising generation, and that this can be acquired only through the missionaries. And yet, when the outwork of education is passed, and it is a question of accepting Christianity, the material advantages of which are not so evident, the old feeling is still found to subsist; and the notion of turning Christian is reprobated, because it seems to mean an abrogation of patriotism, a breaking loose from the tribe, an act of disloyalty.

No doubt the feeling is on the wane, and will die away

of itself in good time, before the influx of the new ideas ; but that happy consummation will be greatly accelerated if we can get hold of the chiefs, the natural leaders of the tribe, and enlist their influence and support on the side of Christianity. So will one great bar to the conversion of the Kaffirs be taken out of the way.

The second great hindrance to the acceptance of Christ's religion by the heathen Kaffirs, at least by the men, lies in the system of polygamy.

The question of how to deal with this practice has been discussed again and again in Kaffraria. Before the meeting of the Lambeth Conference of 1888, it was, by the Bishop's request, once more considered by local native conferences in every parish in the diocese. The feeling was unanimous, that it was impossible to admit a polygamous man to holy baptism as long as he retained his plurality of wives. It can hardly be doubted that any relaxation of this rule would utterly break up the Native Church. The Kaffir is a very shrewd thinker and speaker. If the young men who had been baptized before marriage were to see polygamists baptized who had not renounced their unchristian custom, they would at once say : Then, after all, there is no absolute principle involved in the matter ; it is merely a question of degree and of circumstance ; if the rule is relaxed in one case, it may be relaxed in others also. With these examples before them, and these thoughts in their hearts, they would give the rein to their passions, which are very strong, and the probability is that not a few of them would be unfaithful to their Christian profession, and take to themselves other wives.

In the Diocesan Synod of 1885, the question was very fully and carefully debated in Synod, with the assistance of the Native Conference. Of the Canon then drafted on marriage and divorce, the following clauses bear upon this subject :—

1. A polygamist, on conversion, and before baptism, must

put away all his wives but one, arranging, if necessary, for their support.

Note.—The Native Conference is of opinion that the chief wife ought to be chosen, if still living with her husband. Among the other wives, some preference may be given to the wife adopted into the chief wife's house (iqadi).

2. The wife of a polygamist, if not allowed by her husband to separate from him, may be baptized, and continue to live with him.

It is, of course, urged that it is very hard on the wives who are put away; even that to insist on their repudiation is an actual sin. But this is rather the sentimentality of those who look at the question from a distance, and try to pass judgment on it from a European standpoint, than the sentiment of natives themselves, who understand all the customs of their own people. At the same time, it must be added that, while all Christian natives are unanimous in supporting the Canon just quoted, all are not agreed as regards the amount of hardship involved to the woman.

The following points must be taken into consideration, in any estimate of the right or wrong of the repudiation of the wives, and the effect that such action would have on the minds of natives.

It is almost impossible to say that there is any lifelong contract, implicit or explicit, in a Kaffir heathen marriage. Separation between husband and wife is very far from being uncommon in Kaffir heathen society.

One wife is differentiated from the rest as being the "great wife," so that natives have been known to say that their marriages must originally have been monogamous.

It is, of course, hard upon both parties, for to the husband the repudiation of all his wives but one may involve a considerable drain upon his means: it may lower his prestige in the eyes of the heathen world, who are often inclined to rate a man according to the number of his wives: it may

be a blow to his affections, and equally to the affections of his wives. All this explains why it is so hard for a polygamist to embrace Christianity; but after all, our Lord speaks of leaving wives for His sake, and there is no true profession of Christianity which does not involve a certain amount of hardness according to the flesh.

But again it is said, What will become of the repudiated wives? and how are they to live?

I have known cases where a discarded wife continued to live at her late husband's kraal, having of course her own hut, as indeed would always be the case, but no longer living with him as his wife. But the position is one obviously full of temptation.

Ordinarily, the wives would return to their fathers' kraals. There they would be supported by their late husbands, or they would be married afresh to new husbands: if by this time they had become Christians, to Christian husbands by Christian rites; if they still remained heathen, to heathen husbands by heathen customs. The general opinion among those natives whom I have consulted on this head is that they would ordinarily experience no difficulty in finding husbands, and that they would not be tempted to adopt evil ways.

While, however, we contend most strongly that the Christian rule of monogamy must be adhered to most positively and rigidly, at the same time we allow that the difficulty to the polygamous Kaffir is, for the reasons stated above, a very real one.

We may now pass on to some of the problems which present themselves in dealing with Christian natives.

The first of these is the question how to deal with circumcision. It has been already stated that this custom prevails among most of the tribes (although not now among all—the Zulus, for instance, and the Pondos do not practise it); that the rite is performed at an age varying from

about fifteen to eighteen ; and that it is the sign of manhood. No one, of course, contends that circumcision is in itself wrong, nor is the practice to be reprobated on the ground that it is connected with any false religious ideas ; and yet there is no question bearing upon Christianity which is more constantly or hotly debated than this, Is circumcision, as it exists in Kaffraria, lawful for Christians, or is it not ?

It is acknowledged by all that the rite, as it is ordinarily practised among the heathen, is connected closely with many customs which are objectionable, and more than objectionable ; that the time of circumcision is a time of license and immorality ; and it is contended by many that this immorality is absolutely an inseparable accident of the circumcision, that the rite absolutely involves and compels impurity. On the other hand, this has never been satisfactorily proved ; and circumcision as it is practised on mission stations, under the supervision of Christian men, is widely different from the practice of the rite among the heathen.

In the diocese of S. John's itself there is a wide divergence of opinion upon this subject. In our Canons it is clearly stated that in circumcision itself, provided it is not attended by evil practices, there is no sin. Beyond this there is no consensus of opinion in the diocese.

Those who wish to see the entire abolition of the rite contend that it is inseparably connected with sin, and initiates boys into impurity ; that it takes lads away from school and puts a stop to education at far too early an age ; that it carries off the very boys who ought to be being presented for confirmation. And in some parts of Kaffraria, upon these grounds, it has been practically forbidden by local authority.

But the effect of this has been proved to be as follows : that the rite is practised all the same in secret in defiance

of parental and clerical authority, and consequently without the safeguard which the due supervision of the station would impose; and that this contravention of rule puts the lads into an attitude of rebellion, in which they break loose from Church and from the restraints of school, home, and missionary. It appears to be exactly in those places where circumcision is discouraged or forbidden that there are fewest candidates from among the boys for confirmation.

It is quite true that where the rite is permitted under the supervision of the station, the results are not as satisfactory always as could be wished. And yet it is a fact that from such places there are not a few boys, both before and after circumcision, presented for confirmation, and that those who have been circumcised, after the completion of the rite, return to school. In addition, it may be urged that to speak of circumcision as an initiation into impurity seems to show a considerable ignorance of the prevailing tone of heathen life.

Much, however, depends upon local circumstances, for the customs vary greatly in different places, and therefore it would seem that any hard and fast rule absolutely forbidding the practice would be much to be deprecated. For in dealing with such a heathen tribe as the Pandomisi, there can be little doubt that the forbidding of it would add a fresh enormous difficulty to the acceptance of Christianity by abrogating a national custom, and such action could only be justified by absolute necessity.

The question was debated again only recently at the first missionary conference of the province, held at Clydesdale, in the diocese of S. John's, towards the end of 1889, and the divergence of opinion was as strongly marked as ever. The conclusion arrived at for the time being was that fresh efforts should be made to regulate and control, rather than to forbid, the practice.

The end to be aimed at is to try and form a strong public opinion against circumcision, so that the rite may quietly drop out of itself, not by external authority imposed from above, but by the internal feelings of the people whose welfare is involved.

Another problem which is now pushing itself strongly to the front is the question how to deal with Kaffir beer. This beer is made from the millet, or Kaffir corn, which is so extensively grown. It is very sustaining, and is used as much as an article of food as for purposes of unnecessary drinking. It is extensively employed among the natives themselves as a remuneration for certain kinds of labour instead of payment in coin ; and at particular times of the year it is the custom for the heathen to spend their whole time in going from one beer-drink to another.

Taken in moderation, it would be hard to contend that there is any harm in it, but the difficulty is to ensure moderation.

The Wesleyan rule forbids to their members absolutely the use of Kaffir beer. This is said, with what truth I cannot say, to give occasion to a good deal of hypocrisy. The Wesleyans also forbid wives to make Kaffir beer for their husbands, with the results which have already been noticed, that, among the heathen, they considerably contract their work. If, however, the rules be necessary ones, these considerations must not be put into the balance against them ; and it is quite certain that at present there is a strong feeling in the Church, and among the Presbyterians also, to the effect that greater stringency is needful than was thought necessary in the past.

The Church rule at this date stands as follows :—The use of Kaffir beer at weddings is entirely forbidden. The attendance of Christians at beer-drinks is entirely forbidden. The making of Kaffir beer for sale is entirely forbidden. But wives are allowed to make it for their

husbands' use ; it is allowed to be used as an article of food at home ; and it is allowed to be given in small quantities as a remuneration for labour.

The problem is this : Is this rule sufficient, or should it be made more stringent ? and if greater stringency be necessary, what line is it to take ?

To this as yet we attempt no answer : we are observing, and ready to take such action as may be needful from time to time.

The last problem to which attention shall here be called is the development of self-help among the natives for Church work.

Much attention has been devoted to this in Kaffraria, and yet it cannot be felt that the problem has yet been satisfactorily solved.

According to the rule of the diocese, four-ninths of the stipends of all native workers must come from the people among whom and for whom they are working.

Again, according to the regulations of the Government, every Government-aided school must have its grant met by a local subsidy of £10 per annum.

It is also the custom of the diocese, as already related, that the churches and schools for the native work should be built, almost or quite entirely, by the natives themselves : either literally, or at their cost.

On this last point there is little difficulty. It is thoroughly in accordance with native ideas to give largely at the meetings which are held at the commencement and completion of the building. The enthusiasm is frequently very great, even the little children coming forward with their offerings of fowls or threepenny pieces (the "ticky," as it is called, being the smallest coin which is in common use). At the same time, it must be added that great dilatoriness is frequently shown in the actual payment of what is promised on these occasions.

The method of raising the school fees varies in different places. As far as possible, the getting in of this money is left to the different native headmen, some of whom are very successful in enforcing prompt payment, while others are very slack over the business. In some cases there is a written guarantee list signed by the people, so that the money is recoverable at law. At S. Cuthbert's, if the fees are not paid up to date, after a certain amount of time has been allowed, the names of defaulters are read out publicly in Church—a measure which has proved most salutary and efficacious. At other places, children of defaulting parents are sometimes stopped from school, or even the whole school is for a time suspended, until the payment is made good.

With reference to raising the balance of salary of Church workers, methods vary greatly in different parishes. In some, each member of the Church pays so much a head per annum. In others, the funds are raised mainly through the harvest offerings, which is more in accordance with Kaffir customs. Again, the surplus of offertories, beyond what is required for Church expenses, or for special offertories—of which there are five in the year, three for diocesan funds, one for S.P.G., and one for S.P.C.K.—may be put to this purpose; that is to say, if there be any surplus. But it is a noticeable fact that the natives have not at all fallen in with the offertory system.

The various efforts that have hitherto been made to raise in a satisfactory manner the four-ninths seem to show that it is not possible, at present, to trust to the spontaneous liberality of the Native Church, but that there must be fixed rules as to giving; and indeed this latter plan accords far better with the Kaffir character. One great failing in the systems which have obtained hitherto in many parishes seems to be this: that the communicant, admitted to the fullest Church privileges, gives little or nothing more than

the baptized Christian, and indeed even the latter does not much exceed such heathen people as may be living on the mission station ; that is to say, that the sense of responsibility, the sense of the privilege, and the duty of giving, does not increase in due proportion with the admission to the Church's greater blessings. As things now stand, it seems as if we might be forced to adopt a graduated scale of payments, graduated not only by age and sex, but also by Christian status, allowing, of course, in every case to the local authorities, clerical and lay, the power of dispensing with the obligation to pay in cases of manifest poverty.

Then the question at once arises : If a rule is to be made, what is to be the sanction for its breach ? For it were better to have no rule at all, than to have one which cannot be enforced.

In the case of the unconfirmed, the deliberate breach of the rule might be punished by holding them back from confirmation. In the case of communicants, it is a very grave question whether those who deliberately neglect a Divine command, enforced in detail by a precept of the Church, are fit to be admitted to the Holy Communion.

No practice of such a punishment as is indicated here could be brought into vogue without the most careful consideration and the fullest debate ; and it is obvious that there might be danger in it. At the same time, it is equally clear that there may be a risk on the other side also, and that the failure to give according to one's means may involve irreverence in communicating.

The question of the best methods of enforcing the four-ninths rule, and developing the Christian grace of almsgiving, is still under debate ; and all that can be said at present is this, that we have not yet arrived at the correct solution of the problem.

There are many other difficult points which might have been touched upon ; such as, how to distinguish accurately

and universally between medicines and charms ; how to provide best for theological training in cases where the collegiate course is almost or quite impossible ; but the problems which have been put forward here are the most burning questions, and they afford instances of the great need of wisdom and experience in foreign mission work.

APPENDIX.

THE statistics of the diocese for 1889-1890, which have come to hand since these pages were in the printers' hands, are full of interest. The following salient points may be noticed. Of the actual receipts for the twelve months, for ecclesiastical and scholastic purposes, which amounted through the whole diocese to £11,000, £3000 was received from local sources, of which £782 were school fees, and £373 derived from rents and glebe. The educational grants of the Colonial Government amounted to £1876.

The number of catechists and evangelists is given as 160, and the teachers number 85. Of this total of 245, not more than 20 would be white. The baptized members of the Anglican Church are reckoned at 11,600, and the communicants at 3550—of the latter nearly 3000 are probably natives; but it is impossible to be positive, owing to the mixed character of the various parishes: 355 adults and 787 children were baptized during the year, and there were 194 catechumens on the roll when the return was drawn up.

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